A PRESIDENT IN PERU.—The following extract from a burlesque article in The New Monthly Magazine for 1881 (vol. II.), entitled "Specimen of a Prospective Newspaper, A. D. 2006," is curious: "The army of the northern states (of America) will take the field against that of the southern provinces early next spring. The principal northern force will consist of 1,490,000 picked troops. Gen. Congreve's new mechanical cannon was tried last week at the siege of Georgia. It discharged in one hour 1,120 balls, each weighing 500 weight. The distance of the objects fired at was eleven miles, and so perfect was the engine that the whole of these balls were lodged in the space of 20 feet square." A subsequent article in this specimen states that "by means of a new invention Dr. Clark crossed the Atlantic in seven days." How little did the writer anticipate that in forty years there, to him wild fancies, would be almost realized!

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL DID.—Little Annie's heart was full, and the tears filled her sweet blue eyes, as she listened to the story of the poor soldier's sufferings, when sick and wounded, so far from all the dear friends that would watch over and comfort them.

"How I wish I could do something for them," said little Annie.

"Well, daughter," said her mother, "the orchard is overladen this year, and it is a busy time all round. If you choose to go about the task of helping to gather apples, you shall have every tenth basket you fill for the soldiers. Father will barrel them up and send them to the society for you as soon as they are ready."

☞ PLEASING OTHERS.—To offend nobody, we should have no ideas but those of the world; a man is then without genius and without enemies. If our opinions are contrary to those generally received, we shock the vanity of the greater number. Take here the grand secret—if not of pleasing all, yet of displeasing none; court mediocrity, avoid originality, and sacrifice to fashion and custom.

☞ A Maine man offers $2,000 for the original copy of the President's Emancipation Proclamation, and an agent of the British Museum offers £2,500 sterling for it.

☞ Bright yellow cloaks with scarlet hoods, scarlet cloaks with yellow hoods, blue cloaks with white hoods, purple cloaks with orange hoods, and striped and checkered cloaks with crimson hoods, are all the rage in New York.

☞ Nothing teaches patience like a garden. You may go round and watch the opening bud from day to day; but it takes its own time, and you cannot urge it on faster than it will.

☞ SINGULAR DECLARATION BY A KING.—The King of Denmark said in a recent speech that if his states were in danger of being overpowered by Germany, he would descend from the throne and proclaim a republic.

☞ The London ladies are taught swimming at the Marylebone baths, and it is said some of the most active water-nymphs can swim half a mile without fatigue.

☞ A new state will soon knock at the doors of the Union for admission—the state of Washoe.

☞ Two little children were talking of the moon the other evening. Charley said solemnly, in his imperfect pronunciation, that it was "Dod." "No it ain't," said Sarah, "it ain't big enough." "Well," replied the boy, determined not to be put down altogether, "it is the hole He looks through say how!"—*Post.*

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ASTHMA.
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The General-in-Chief of the army of Equador, stated in the presence of the Hon. C. R. Buckalow, now U. S. Senator from Penna., (but then U. S. Minister at Quito,) to Mr. Lee, that he had suffered with Asthma for forty years, had not laid down in his bed horizontally during that time. The first application of the Ready Relief secured him sound sleep, its continued use cured him.
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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d of Oct. by the Rev. F. Church, Mr. CHARLES H. SAIR, to Miss EUGENIA BOE, both of this city.
On the 5th of Oct. by the Rev. Wm. Barns, Mr. LEWIS GRIFFITH, of Reading, Pa. to Miss MARTHA JOHNSTON, of this city.
On the 10th of Sept. by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, Mr. JOHN C. RAMBO, to Miss JOANNA W. JOHNS, both of this city.
On the 11th of Oct. by the Rev. Mr. Alday, Mr. NATHANIEL TURNER, to Miss EMILY WHEELER, both of this city.
On the 19th of Nov. by the Rev. Dani. Gaston, Mr. FRANKLIN ADAMS, of Monroe county, Pa. to Miss MARGARET WARNER, of this city.
On the 17th of April, by the Rev. Wm. Urie, Mr. JAMES CONCORAN, to Miss LETITIA ELLIOTT, both of this city.
On the 10th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM GREENWOOD, to Miss SARAH GRAVES, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th instant, CATHARINE A. wife of J. G. Sinclair, aged 46 years.
On the 17th instant, JOHN MILLER, in his 48th year.
On the 17th instant, Miss SUSAN BLACKBURN, aged 20 years.
On the 16th instant, CATHARINE BOLTER, in her 42d year.
On the 16th instant, JOHN R. CASEY, in his 46th year.
On the 15th instant, JOSEPH WESTERMAN, in his 67th year.
On the 13th instant, Mrs. SARAH MADDEN, aged 77 years.
On the 15th instant, Miss SALLIE BOWMAN, in her 63d year.
On the 13th instant, MARY A. WRIGHT, aged 61 years.
On the 14th instant, ELIZABETH THORNTON, aged 51 years.

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It is in the Thuringian Forest.

"Rosamond, I have come to tell you it's the sweetest morning of all the year. Will my gracious lady permit her slave to order the horses, and go with him for a delicious canter over Barnton Downs?"

"I don't care about riding to-day," says Rosamond, slowly.

"Not care about riding to-day! Why, my child, it's a day of days for a gallop.—There's the sweetest breeze over the downs, and the larks are singing like—like mad; and—" He broke off with a laugh. "I'm not good at the description, but I give you my word it's the most glorious day!"

"Yes, but I can't ride to-day; thank you."

"Won't you, really? Well, then, I think I'll take a run over and call at the Dacres'; you know I ought to have gone ever so long ago. You really will not come, Rosie?"

"No."

"Well, then, I'm off. Here, Countess! Sweetlips! hie, lass! Good-bye, ladies, till dinner-time;" and whistling his dogs round him, the easy lover strode away over the dewy lawns towards the stables.

Miss Barrington looked at her friend.

"Yes, that is how it is," she said, bitterly. "He does not care whether I am with him or not. He'll go over to Harper's Court, and ride with Flora Dacres, and be just as content with her as he would with me. Harriet, you would not be content to be loved in that fashion by Mr. Vaughan!"

"Because that easy fashion of loving is not Harry Vaughan's, but it is Jack Walsingham's. My dear Rosamond, men don't love after any one pattern, but after their natures."

"Then I can be content with Jack's fashion; I pre'er to be something more than just a woman, like other women, to the man I marry!" exclaimed Miss Rosamond, with swelling indignation; "and I shall tell Jack so, and set us both free."

CHAPTER II.

"It's the most confounded, the most extraordinary caprice that ever entered into a woman's fancy!"

So spoke Jack Walsingham, as, with his hands thrust into his pockets, and his back to the fire, he confronted the sympathizing faces of his cousin, Miss Beauchamp, and his friend, Horace Vaughan.

"*Confounded*—is it unfounded, Jack?" asked Miss Beauchamp, quietly.

"Unfounded! why, of course it is.—Haven't I looked all my life to marrying Rosie?"

"Yes, that's just it; she thinks it's mere habit—the knowledge that you were always meant for one another, and not real, actual love on your part."

"Real, actual love! what does the child mean?" As [illegible] I can say this—if I do not know real love for Rosamond, I never know it for any other woman.

"Did you tell her so?"

"Of course I told her so; just all I could say was so much wasted breath. I believe the poor little thing has taken it into her head she is doing a generous thing by me in giving me up, and that's half the meaning of the matter.

He looked so comically perplexed, that Miss Beauchamp was moved to say:

"I should like to know whether you really care, Jack."

"Really care, Harriet! Well, I must indeed have been wanting in much, if you entertain *that* doubt! I suppose I have not, of course I can't have been a very adoring lover; I have been so accustomed to think of Rosamond as belonging to me, that I've been careless in asserting my ownership.—But, ah, cousin! I have had my own thoughts of a home and a fireside perhaps, and Rosie's pretty golden head making sunshine in the dark old house you and I used to call home once; and a man doesn't part with these without a sort of wrench, my dear, little as you may believe it of me."

Jack's voice grew husky, and Miss Beauchamp, being a warm-hearted and frank lady, immediately rose from her seat, and putting her hands on his shoulders, kissed him.

Mr. Walsingham returned the salute with a great deal of heartiness.

Horace Vaughan stared.

"Heyday! good people; pray don't put any restraint upon yourselves; don't let me be in your way for an instant, I beg."

"My dear old Jack! I ask your pardon with all my heart!" said Miss Beauchamp, not in any way regarding her betrothed's remark; "I ought to have known you better. But that silly little Rosie must be brought to her senses, for I know she loves you dearly all the while. Horace, what's to be done?"

"Can't say, indeed. The difficulty seems to me that Jack is such a horribly prosperous fellow. Something in the way of a good real misfortune would go a long way towards setting matters right, in my opinion. If, for instance, Jack could have a frightful illness, or be smashed in a railway accident, lose an eye—or—or—break his back, or something of that sort, I haven't the least doubt Miss Rosamond would flee to his bedside, nurse him with the most charming devotion, and insist upon marrying him, whether he would or not.

"Bless her heart! do you think she would?" Mr. Walsingham said very tenderly.

"I feel certain she would. I don't doubt that Miss Barrington has formed her idea of how a man in love should conduct himself upon the model of the popular novel hero; and is not that the line of conduct the heroine of the said novel has always adopted, ever since Jane Eyre espoused her maimed and blind adorer?"

"Horace is right; it is the very thing. Jack, you must have a misfortune!" cried Miss Beauchamp, with great energy.

Mr. Walsingham looked not overeager to perceive the necessity.

"Yes—adversity's the thing!" Miss Beauchamp went on. "Remember what the poet says, my dear Jack: 'Adversity, like the toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in his head.'"

"Decidedly ugly, if it's to come in the shape of a railway smash," Mr. Walsingham replies, dubiously caressing his whiskers. "I say, Horace, can't it be something short of that?"

Miss Beauchamp looked up at her cousin's stately strength and comeliness.

"Horace, if you please, I can't have Jack disfigured; not permanently; but a wasting illness might be judiciously employed perhaps. I have heard of such things, and in books."

"Faith! I suppose I'm very stupid; I can't say I comprehend."

"My good fellow, you *are* stupid," Mr. Vaughan remarked. "From the bed of wasting sickness, you can indite a most touching farewell, and beseech a last interview, and who—"

"No! I'll be hanged if I can," interrupted Mr. Walsingham, most emphatically. "I couldn't play with any woman's feelings in that way; I couldn't owe my wife to a trick, Harriet."

"Ah! I thought your impracticable honesty would come in the way presently," said Miss Beauchamp, trying hard not to laugh. "Well, Horace, what's to be done?"

"We must wait in humble hope of the misfortune, since Jack won't allow us to expedite matters; or for that not very improbable event of a lady's changing her mind," answered Mr. Vaughan.

"But if I were in Jack's place, it would be long before I would ask Miss Huntington to change it," said Miss Beauchamp, emergetically.

"Would it, my dear?" asked Jack, looking at her rather wistfully; "and yet you are in love with Horace here, or he thinks you are."

"At any rate, he hopes the best," returned that gentleman. "But what has that to do with it?"

"Nothing, perhaps; only I was thinking of some old words: 'Love suffereth long and is kind,'" Mr. Walsingham said, simply.

CHAPTER III.

Rosamond Barrington was seventeen, a beauty, and a spoiled child. These facts must plead her excuse for the follies she was guilty of. If not exactly an heiress into the bargain, she was at least endowed with enough money to give her all the comforts, and a great many of the luxuries that money can supply. She had never known a trouble, for her father and mother had died when she was too young to understand their death; and as the petted ward of kind General Manners, and under the loving care of his maiden sister, she had never realized her loss. Then as if the general and his sister were not of themselves enough to spoil any young maiden, there was the general's nephew and heir, Jack Walsingham, the best-natured, kindest-hearted, easiest-tempered fellow in the world, always putting himself at the beck and call of the little beauty, ready to think all she did was right, all she wanted reasonable, and perpetually asserting that, do what she could, and want what she might, she was the loveliest and dearest little lady in all the land. Now, it was perfectly well known to these two playfellows that it had been the earnest wish of their respective parents, that their orphan children should espouse one another; in fact, they were betrothed from an early age, though no penalty awaited the breaking of the engagement, if either party earnestly wished it, far less was any compulsion to be used in its fulfillment. But neither party had wished it hitherto. Rosamond loved handsome, kind-hearted John Walsingham with all her heart, and never more than when she took it into her romantic little head that his easy, unexacting affection betrayed his want of all corresponding love for her.

So, when the deed was done, and with all the dignity and composure she could bring to her aid, she had declared her firm belief in the insufficiency of Jack's affection to render either of them happy, and consequently her refusal to fulfill the engagement contracted for them—when Jack had heard this with an amazement that but ill qualified him to plead his cause at all eloquently, and had finally departed, more astounded and incredulous than actually overcome with grief, Rosamond retired to her own room, locked herself in, and cried till she had made herself more really ill than she had ever been in all her life before.

But she had to gird herself up, call up all that faltering pride, gather up the remnants of that troublesome dignity, that was not at all natural to Rosie, and encounter the surprise and concern of the kind general, and far, far worse, the wonder and condolences of his sister. The general saw all the pain in the poor little face when he opened the subject, and though something sore on his favorite nephew's behalf, yet with chivalrous and delicate courtesy, he contented himself with a few words of regret, and alluded no more to the matter. But Miss Adamina, poor lady, was scarcely so forbearing; her curiosity and sympathy were both unbounded; and I am sorry to say that Rosamond more than once was moved to sharpness and wrath, in putting to silence all questions on a subject that in truth touched the poor little heart too keenly as yet to render touching it all endurable.

And so a week went by—a fortnight—a month; spring-days melted into summer ones, Mannersdale looked its best; the general placidly enjoyed the beauties of his fair dwelling-place; Miss Manners visited her poor, and drove her ponies, and received her select circle of friends; and Rosie pined like a bird in a cage, and thought of sweet summer days that were gone forever. For Jack Walsingham came no more to Mannersdale. How could he, indeed? though, when Rosamond had declared their engagement was at an end, she had said also, something wistfully, that that must make no difference in their friendship, of course. But Jack had seen his uncle in London, and had said, that on the whole he must drop Manndersdale as his home for a while; he didn't think he could see Rosie as yet with merely friendly feelings; and if he was not to contribute to her happiness in the way he had always hoped, God forbid he should vex her kind little heart by carrying the wo-begone countenance of a discontented man into her presence. So Jack came no more. There are some among us who can realize all that here fact was to Rosie. Some of us? ah! how many know what it is to miss a kind, cheerful, manly presence out of our daily lives. Ah! the music of that pleasant whistle, sounding through all the house, the welcome coming of those light, firm footsteps, the dear familiar voice, the merry affectionate talk, the pleasant care of having some one's crotchets and whims to gratify and laugh at, who does not remember these? what woman who has had brother or lover to think for, plan for, pray for, and—part with. Those who have, will know what the house was to Rosie when they had all departed. Oh, that dreary silence! Oh, the loneliness of those long days when there was no one to look for, long for, and welcome! Not till he was gone, did she realise all he had been.

So the summer wore on; and that spring day when she had told Jack Walsingham she would not be his wife seemed so far away, removed by such whole years of regret and grief, that it was almost as if it had happened in another existence. Equally true it was, that this quiet, sad Rosamond was quite another creature from the petted, brilliant, light-hearted Rosie that the spring sun had shone on. Neither the General nor his sister ever mentioned Jack's name, and from shrinking at the thought that they might do so, Rosamond came to pine for the sound of it with a wild, feverish longing that shocked herself. Harriet Beauchamp, too, had gone to visit her friends in the north, and though she wrote duly to her friend, was much too indignant on her cousin's behalf to speak of him or his doings.

But there came a certain Sunday when Rosamond once more saw her old playfellow. It was, I am sorry to say, at church, when, as Rosamond chanced to turn her head, she saw, with a great upward bound of the heart, Jack Walsingham in the very act of entering the church with the Dacres. I fear, though Rosamond immediately bent her eyes on her book, that henceforth the sacred duty she was there to perform was interrupted by many distracted and rebellious wanderings.—Though she never looked in that direction, somehow she seemed to see without looking. Ah, dear! how did she become conscious of the attentive assiduity of Mr. Walsingham in finding Miss Dacres's places in her prayer-book? She was confident she never looked towards Jack; then, by what magic was it she was cognizant of his every movement, even to that habitual, thoughtful caressing of his handsome moustache, she knew so well? But once, yes, once, when the service was over, Rosie, with a impulse she could not resist, turned one fleeting glance on her rejected lover, and as if some magnetic influence forced his eyes to meet hers, for one instant the two looked at each other. Jack colored a little, but he looked quite kindly and steadfastly on his lost love —while Rosie turned hurriedly away, ashamed and comforted, and vexed and glad all at once. Going out of church was only one long sensation of meeting Jack, speaking to him, having her hand in his once more, when they got outside; but somehow the General seemed in a very unusual state of fuss and hurry, and when they reached the gates, handed his sister and Rosamond very hastily into the pony-phæton, and drove away.

All the rest of that summer Sunday, she waited at home, hoping, longing, sickening. Surely, if he did not come on that day, he would the next. He never could be so near, and not come to see at least—his uncle and aunt. But Monday and Tuesday went—all the week went—and Jack never came to Manndersdale.

CHAPTER IV.

Then with the autumn came a letter from Miss Beauchamp, containing the astounding intelligence that the General and his nephew had quarrelled.

"I don't know whether you have heard it," Miss Beauchamp wrote; "but if not, you must sooner or later, so, I have no scruple in speaking of it. I heard it from Jack himself, but he does not tell me, in fact, does not seem very clear about what was the actual cause of quarrel. The General has been testy and unlike himself for some time past when they met in town, almost as if, Jack says, he fancied that he must have been to blame in his conduct towards you, to cause you to break with him. How unfounded such a suspicion is, you must know well, Rosamond. But, as poor Jack says, nothing seems to have gone well with him since you cast him off; and now this quarrel with his uncle, whom he dearly loves and reverences, has completed his discomfiture. You are aware that Jack has no claim on his uncle's property beyond his uncle's good-will, and he inherited but little from his father, poor fellow. He talks of leaving England, therefore, where indeed he has little now to keep him, and trying one of the colonies. I think it, for my part, the wisest thing he can do."

"The wisest thing he could do! To go to the antipodes! Jack Walsingham! Her Jack—to go to the ends of the earth, where she could never see him again! Oh, Harriet, Harriet! could you indeed have a woman's heart in your breast, and write such horrible things with such detestable coolness!"

Thus cried out poor Rosamond, appalled at the magnitude of the calamity that had come upon her. But he should not go; she would fall down on her knees to the General, and beseech him to be reconciled to the best of nephews, who, so far from ever having been wanting towards her, was all too good for one so unworthy. But, alas! the General was away from home, and had afforded no intelligence of his probable return. Miss Adamina, poor soul, was powerless. Well, then, she would write to Jack himself, since she could do nothing else, and pray at least that she might see him once again, if he really intended to leave his native land forever. Yes, she would humble herself to do that, ah! how gladly. Love between them was over forever, but at least she might be pardoned for praying to bid her old playfellow God speed, ere they parted to meet no more. And the letter was written before she had time to tremble and draw back; and all the foolish, erring, but most loving little heart of the writer was in the brief, unsteady lines.

Then came the difficulty of not knowing where Jack resided in London; but after a while, she addressed it to his club, and could only pray, trembling, that it might reach him—which it did, though with some delay; and ah! who shall tell of what cruel hopes and fears that delay was made up to poor Rosamond. But one morning, beside her plate at breakfast, there lay a letter, addressed in the well-known writing; Rosamond had to put it quietly aside, knowing she could not read it with becoming composure, whatever it contained; and when prayers and breakfast were over, and opportunity served, and the letter was opened, fast flowed Rosamond's tears over Jack's simple, affectionate epistle.

"It was true," he wrote, "that his uncle had parted unkindly with him on their last meeting; true also that he was weary of England, and thought of trying his fortune somewhere abroad. It was true, too, ah, how true! that he should like to bid his dear little playfellow (whom he must remember to his dying day with the tenderest affection) good-bye; but in the present state of affairs between him and his uncle, he did not see how he could come to Manndersdale. And yet," Jack went on to say, "now the chance of seeing Rosamond once more had been presented to him, he could not bear to give it up, so—well, if she did not mind—would she take her old walk to-morrow evening by the Dropping Well? But if she saw the slightest objection to this plan—if it gave her the slightest uneasiness—then she was not to do it; no, she was not to think of his disappointment, or let that weigh in her decision. He would blithely take a longer ride than from London to Manndersdalls only for the chance of seeing her."

And so, with a few words of affection, the letter ended. It contained no complaint, no reproach, no lament over what might have been; did not refer to "blighted hopes" and "thwarted happiness;" did not, moreover, even make any profession of the love Rosie had doubted; and yet, in every gentle, generous word, in all his simple forgetfulness of self, and tender remembrance of her, Rosie saw how Jack Walsingham had loved her. Yes, now when all was over, and it was too late, Rosamond knew she had been loved—not, perhaps, with the eager, exacting, engrossing passion her foolish little heart had exalted into the place of Love, but with all the tender, unselfish, beautiful truth of a nature so manly and generous as John Walsingham's.

"If she did not mind taking her old walk by the Dropping Well!" As if she would not, like the pilgrims of old, have filled her shoes with peas, and have gone bravely forth over the stoniest and most rugged of ways, if thereby Jack Walsingham would be found at the end of it.

The autumn had set in chill and wet, it was extremely damp and sloppy, and the neat little Balmoral boots, with their high, slender heels, left quite a perceptible track, by which Miss Rosie might have been traced to the rendezvous on that chill autumn evening, had any one been guilty of such an impertinence.

She had donned a long brown mantle and pretty straw-hat, with its bunch of scarlet poppies, and taken her way out into the park, and away through the sheltered path that led to the Dropping Well. A sweet and airy little figure, slender, well-poised, and graceful as the wind-flower on its stem, but one which would have been more in keeping with summer sunshine, than this mournful autumn day, if it had not been for the tearful light in those large, innocent eyes, the wistful sadness that sat on the tender, childish lips. She knew she was much sooner than the time Jack had mentioned, yet could not, do what she would, help quickening her steps till they were almost a run. So, when she reached the old well, no familiar face was there to greet her, no dear, yearned-for voice thanked and blessed her for her coming. She sat down on the edge of the well, and felt as if she had come in vain.

And what a dreary, dreary evening! It was no longer raining, but a fitful wind vexed the fading leaves, and rushing among the trees, made them toss their boughs aloft, with what seemed to Rosie's fancy, wild and despairing pain. Showers of dying leaves shivered to the ground after every one of these gusts, as if, weary of resisting their fate, they were minded to succumb, without more ado, to their fierce enemy, and lie down, once for all, in peace to die. Almost it seemed to Rosie that it would be a good thing for her too to lie down and suffer pain no more.

But now there comes a sound in the distance—faint at first, and often interrupted—that somehow puts all thoughts of dying out of Rosamond's head: a hollow, measured, rapid sound—the beat of a horse's hoofs on the miry road. Nearer and nearer. She cannot see the road from this sheltered nook; but almost she thinks she could tell the tread of Jack's horse from all other horses. Closer and closer; regular, steady, and rapid; ah! if it should go past—if, after all, it should not be he! But it does not go past; there is a sudden splash and splutter among the pools in the muddy road, as of a horse suddenly reined in, a silence, a pleasant, manly voice speaking words of praise and fondness to an animal, a quick footstep, and the next instant a well-known figure lightly stepping across the stile that gives entrance to a footway across General Manners's domain.

Rosamond rises, and would fain go forward to meet that coming figure, but her feet seem suddenly like pieces of lead, and her knees knock together. Even when Jack has both her little shaking hands in his, and is saying, in his kind, hearty voice: "Rosie, how dear and kind of you to come!" she cannot speak, because that dreadful aching in her throat tells her that the tears are only waiting her voice to burst forth in torrents. Perhaps Jack sees all the struggle; at any rate, he makes a hurried and imperfect attempt to give a jocose aspect to matters, which, though it falls short of its mark, at least helps Rosamond to a little command over herself.

She sits down again on the edge of the well, and looks up piteously into his face.

"Oh, Jack, is it really true? I can scarcely believe it. Are you really going away?"

"Rosamond, don't sit there; your feet must be in a pool; they must, I assure you, my dear. Well, yes; I think it is true—and best, Rosie."

"And are you going because of your quarrel with the General? Oh, Jack! I can't think how that could ever have come about. Tell me how it was; and surely, surely, when he loves you so dearly, he can't be angry for long."

"God bless him!" said Jack heartily. "No, I don't think he will be; and I couldn't go and leave unkindness behind me with one who has always been the kindest of fathers to me. I don't doubt but that will all be set right, my dear, before I go, never fear."

"Then why go?" said Rosamond, faintly.

Mr. Walsingham hesitated.

"To speak truly, Rosamond, my uncle himself almost suggested it. And—and—I scarcely like to speak of these things—but if, as I cannot but think he meant me to understand, I am not to consider myself any longer as his heir, it is the wisest thing I can do, for I have fallen very foolishly into expensive habits, that are not at all justified by any means that come to me from my father."

"Oh, how wicked and cruel of General Manners!" cried poor Rosie.

"Not at all; no, my dear, you must not think so. I have no doubt he has his reasons, and good ones, though I can't say I understand them at present."

"But to want you to go away! cruel and hard-hearted old man!"

Jack sat down by Rosamond, and took her hand.

"My dear Rosamond, pray, never think a harsh thought of my uncle. I am certain he never deserved it of either you or me; and as for my going to Australia or Africa—"

"Africa!" cries Rosamond, terrified. "Oh no, no, Jack—think of the lions!"

"Ah!" says Mr. Walsingham gravely, "that is a consideration. It is always lions who righteously devour the naughty Jacks and Harries in the story-books. Lions are gifted, perhaps, with a keen moral perception, enabling them to pounce at once upon the good-for-nothing of our species. What do you think, my dear?"

"I think I can't look upon your going away from a laughing-point of view," Rosamond said sadly.

"Thank you, my, dear," Jack answered, looking at her kindly. Once, as Rosamond could not but remember, a kiss would have come quite naturally at the end of that sentence. But now—oh days gone for ever! "And though I go away, feeling sure it is wisest and best to go," Jack went on in rather a lower voice, "don't think I can ever forget all my happiness, and all I have loved very dearly here. Yes, though it please God never to grant me another day such as I have known, I think I shall have had as much real happiness in my short lifetime as would suffice for a long one. And, Rosie, how much of this has been of your giving. Dear love, do not think I shall ever forget it, nor be ungrateful."

Rosamond was weeping now passionately, but quietly.

He would not see her tears, though they touched him to the bottom of his heart. "Poor dear," he thought, "I might ask anything now, and the poor child, in her pity, would grant it; but I could not be so ungenerous." Then in a few minutes he rose, and said, cheerfully:—"I must not detain you, my dear; it is cold, and getting dusk. But I may write to you, and perhaps see you again. Good-bye, my dear. Ah, Rosie! Rosie! do not make me wretched!"

For when he had uttered the word "Good-bye," and stooped to take her hand, Rosamond had lifted a face to his of such wild and despairing grief, that Jack was moved to that ejaculation.

"My dear," he said again, "do not make it so hard to say what must be said—dear Rosamond!"

He would have risen, but the girl put up both her arms till they reached his neck, slowly laid her face down on his breast, and with a long shivering sigh lay quite still.

"Good God!" cried Jack, extremely terrified. "Oh, Rosamond, my darling, speak to me!"

But poor little Rosamond, worn out by many weeks of care and pain, quite overcome at parting, had fainted, and lay on Mr. Walsingham's broad breast, unconscious, for a while at least, of all she had suffered, all that she was to suffer. In this extremity, Jack, never having seen a fainting lady before, looked wildly about him for help. Water certainly was all around, but not a drop available; that in the well was far down out of reach; puddles there were in plenty, but could he deluge Rosamond's delicate face with mingled mud and rotting leaves? So, in the emergency, he did what occurred to him at the moment, and pressed a shower of warm, tender kisses on the white cheek, and small, soft, parted lips, and I daresay the remedy was as efficacious as any other would have been; for Rosamond presently opened her eyes, and meeting Jack's, eloquent with pity and love, she drew her arms tighter round his neck, and cried out with a great sob:

"Jack, if you go away and leave me behind, I shall die!"

"My love, my darling must not die!"

"Then take me with you. Oh, Jack, I don't deserve to be your wife; but I love you dearly, and now—I believe you love me."

"I do, indeed, Rosie; I shall never care for any one else; but my pet must not sacrifice herself. Think how everything is changed."

"A blessed, happy change," said Rosie, fervently, "if you will take me with you, always to love and care for you!"

"May God bless my darling!" cried Jack, enchanted, and moved, and perplexed all at once. "But, Rosamond, you do not know what you are doing. I am a poor man now, and my gracious lady is a landdowered maiden."

"Do you mean to say you won't marry me, Jack? For shame, sir, when I have so far demeaned myself as to ask you!" and Rosamond tried to laugh, but her poor little pale face and tearful eyes aided the laugh all too sadly.

"No, indeed—I'm not man enough for that," Mr. Walsingham said. "Dear Rosamond, I thank God for what seemed hard to me an hour ago, for my trouble has given me you."

Kisses and embraces, fervent and passionate enough on the part of Jack now.

"Now, my pet, let us consider what is to be done," Mr. Walsingham says presently, with a feeble effort to return to sober everyday matters.

"Yes, dear," Rosamond replies obediently, "only it's all settled, is it not, Jack? You're going to Australia, and I'm going with you. I should like it to be Australia, Jack, if you don't particularly care for Africa, because I should not like the lions, and snakes, and fevers."

But the evening was drawing in, and good-bye must be said—not by any means the good-bye Rosie had come out to say, though, but one of which all sadness was melted by laughter and tender smiles.

Ah! what another Rosamond was that that glided into the pleasant drawing-room presently, from the one who had stolen forth on her sorrowful errand; and is it not strange and awful to think what happiness, what sorrow the passing moment may bring us!

CHAPTER V.

As arranged between Jack and Rosamond, as soon as General Manners returned to his home, which he did, accompanied by Miss Beauchamp, Jack wrote a dutiful letter to his uncle, requesting leave to come to Manndersdale, to consult him on special business. Rosie, meanwhile, was to say nothing; Jack took all the disclosure of their changed situation on himself.

The General signified his consent to receive his nephew in a curt note, that made Jack wonder and grieve over the changed relations between them; nevertheless, he tried not to look hurt and be stiff, when on the day and at the hour appointed, he walked into the library at Manndersdale. Somewhat to his relief he found Miss Beauchamp sitting with General Manners; and greatly more to his surprise, she did not attempt to leave the room, though she withdrew to a distant window. After the first few constrained remarks, the General sat coldly silent; while Jack hesitated more and more over saying what had seemed so extremely easy and natural when he had been on the other side of that library-door. At last, he plunged into the subject headlong.

"Uncle, I know I have managed to offend you. I understand, somehow, that you don't feel towards me quite as you used. God knows how it has come about; but I hope I have never given you such cause to think badly of me that you should refuse to give Rosamond to me—now—when I ask her—for my wife."

"Rosamond for your wife?" says the General. "I understood she herself declined that honor some months ago."

"But I have her permission now to ask her hand from you," answered Jack. "The fact is, General, Rosamond is a true woman. Perhaps she didn't care much about me while everything went smoothly and prosperously; but now she thinks I am down in the world, and have lost some of the advantages others felt for me once, the dear little heart is eager to make it all up to me out of its own great and generous love. And I think, if I have my little Rosie, I must needs be a happy man, let what will befide."

There is a subdued sound from the distant window. The General coughs, and uses his handkerchief vehemently.

"Well, of course, I have no wish to prevent a marriage always desired by your respective parents; but it is my duty to point out to Rosamond that your means—that, in fact, she is marrying a poor man. Her own, though sufficient for comfort, are not by any means large."

"I have already explained to Rosamond what she is doing in taking me," Jack said, rather haughtily. But his face and voice softened when he added: "Poor dear, as if that would serve any purpose but to confirm her generous one of giving me all she has! But though I am poor, I am not penniless. Of course, I wish all Rosie's money to be settled on herself. It must go hard with me indeed before I ever touch a farthing of it. No—I have what will start me capitally; and once in Australia—we mean to go there—"

"Go to Australia with you, Jack? Rosamond in the Bush, among sheep and cattle! horned cattle! Oh, dear!" cried Miss Beauchamp, springing up with a peal of laughter, in which the General joined.

"Well, yes, Harriet," answered Jack, "even the horned cattle, joined to all my other misfortunes, haven't the power to scare poor Rosie out of her love for me—God bless her!"

"Oh, Jack! you dear, unconscious old blunderbore!" returned his cousin, still in peals of laughter, "was not Horace right? See what a blessing it is to have a misfortune!"

"Eh! what?" says Jack, looking in a bewildered manner about him. "Uncle, do be good enough to explain what there is to laugh at."

"Well, not so much, after all, Jack, my dear fellow. For really, though all the good has resulted that Harriet was so certain would come to pass, I confess I am a little ashamed at the deception we have played on you. But, Jack, you must forgive me; it was really so very painful to me to act the angry and unpleasant old uncle."

"And very badly you did it, I'll be bound," said Miss Beauchamp. "I wonder Jack was taken in for an instant."

"Then I am to understand Harriet has been presumptuously arrogating to herself the duties of providence, and providing me with misfortunes?" said Jack, only half-pleased.

"Well, you know you would not consent to have one quietly; and you see all the good that has come of it, you ungrateful Jack."

"True—good has come; I have my little Rosamond's love, which neither good nor ill fortune can now take from me. But, Harriet, it might have been very different: don't be tempted by success to act as a deputy-providence any more, my dear; there is a troublesome risk in the matter," Jack said gravely.

"Quite right, my dear boy," said the General.

"Right, Jack," echoed Miss Beauchamp; "and to speak seriously, my plot cost me so much fear and anxiety, that I have no inclination to meddle any more in such matters. Suppose, now, you and Rosamond take it into your heads to lead a cat-and-dog existence—ah me! what responsibility have I incurred. Oh, Jack, be a model husband, if you love me!"

"And don't ever mention Australia in my hearing, if you don't wish to put me to shame," said the General. "Jack, I give you my word I shall never be able to endure the name of that colony. Rosamond in the Bush, indeed! as if I could ever bear Rosamond, or you either, Jack, to be anywhere but at Manndersdale!"

"And what will Rosamond say, I wonder, when she hears how completely we have both been dancing to Miss Beauchamp's piping?" said Jack, who could not, in spite of all, get over a certain soreness on the subject of his mystification.

"Ah, Jack, if I know Rosamond, she will put pride in her pocket, and thank me for giving her you."

And Miss Beauchamp was not far wrong. Rosamond opened wide her eyes when Harriet made confession of her ruse; but after all, none of Jack's rather indignant sense of having been played with entered into her mind; she was too happy to care very much how that happiness was brought about; too happy, almost, to be quite as glad, as, for Jack's sake, she ought to have been, that the General's anger with his nephew had only been simulated to serve Jack's cause. "Jack and she were to belong to one another for ever and ever," that was Rosie's only clear thought, and as long as that fact remained, Australia and sheep-farming, or Manndersdale and its luxuries, were all one to Rosie.

So ended Rosamond's first trouble—her first, not her last, though Rosie says, humbly and thankfully, her greatest.

"I cried out and fretted over the 'Crumpled Rose-leaf' in my lot, and God sent me a real trouble, to teach me humility and gratitude."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DEC'R 5, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

Our Sewing-Machine Premium.

In answer to various letters, we would repeat that as to our clubs generally, they can be made up of either periodical, or of both, as suits the members. And, if the getter-up of a club for THE POST prefers the Magazine as a Premium, he can have it; while THE POST will be sent as a Premium for the Magazine clubs, if desired.

The Sewing-Machine Premium, it will be seen, applies to both periodicals; *as well as to mixed clubs made up of the magazine and the paper.* This is a splendid premium, and we are glad to see that numbers design availing themselves of it. These machines cannot be bought for less than the price we mention, FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS!

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

The January number of this new magazine is now ready. We think, and a number of others also think, that it is a very excellent specimen of a Lady's magazine. The reading matter, in our opinion, is capital. There is a beautiful mezzotint engraving on steel, from a design by Scheussele. Then we have a handsome double Fashion Plate, colored, and on steel. Then a piece of Music. Then the Stories. Then new styles of bonnets, sleeves, &c., and the work-table, illustrated with numerous wood engravings.

In order, however, that all may see at a glance what the January number contains, we annex the

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A MEDIEVAL POEM. By Eliza Sprost Randolph.
WEAR THE RING. By Olive E. Payne.
NEW STYLES OF BONNETS, CAPS, SLEEVES, &c. Illustrated with numerous Wood Engravings.
THE WORK-TABLE. Illustrated with numerous Wood Engravings.
EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT. Including Salutatory, Flowers in Winter, The Mother's Remorse, New Publications, Miscellaneous Receipts, The Fashions, Plan of Dressing for Consumptives, &c.

☞ The weight of the Magazine, as determined at the Philadelphia Post Office, is just under four ounces—and the postage on it therefore (when paid quarterly in advance at the office where the subscriber lives) will be only 12 cents a year, or one cent a number.

NEW FASHIONS.

Our readers will see by an article we quote in another column, that certain ladies of high standing in the state of New York, have assumed a masculine attire for horseback riding, and, moreover, the masculine mode of riding itself.

It may be that the latter mode is the proper one for both man and woman. Dr. Jackson, and other medical reformers, assert that it is; and we have devoted too little attention ourselves to the subject, to feel authorized in controverting their opinion. But as to the particular style of dress these reformatory ladies have adopted, there we can speak by the card. We have done some little at horseback riding in our day, and we unhesitatingly assert that a dress coat and stove-pipe hat are no more suitable for a riding suit, than hoops are for a railway car. What you want in riding is a coat that will button closely around the form, and some kind of a light cap for the head. Why, even for the ball-room, gentlemen generally have discarded the ridiculous dress-coat. Many are throwing their dress-coats aside half-worn, simply because they cannot endure such a nonsensical contrivance. We hope to see the day when the wearing of a dress-coat will be considered an infallible sign of a dandy or a fool.

Now, reformatory damsels of the North, do preserve your credit for good sense. We have often defended your eccentricities on this ground, even when we could find no other. But if you leave the time-honored limits of custom and precedent, only to bring up in the foolish precincts where flourish dress-coats and stove-pipe riding hats, we shall be compelled to abandon your cause altogether. Useful reforms are often greatly impeded by the foolish blunders of would-be reformers. And there is no better mode of making a new custom ridiculous, than to invest it with some popinjay attire.

Apropos to this subject, we have been amused by reading a French witticism, which would seem to signify that even at the head-quarters of that tyrannical monarch, Fashion, there are some who long to rebel against her absurd decrees. It professes to be a dispatch to all the pretty women of Paris, and is signed Gracieux. The Paris correspondent of the London Post, thus gives the contents of this amusing paper:—

The Princess Gracieux says that all the pretty women of fashion, on their return from "the waters," find themselves under the influence of those fancy toilettes which were permitted at Baden-Baden, Biarritz, and other civilized resorts of fashion. To part with costumes which were so becoming to varied descriptions of beauty, and put on the uniform modes of Paris, is intolerable; it offends the dignity of independence, and lacerates the heart with a profound grief. The despatch then goes on to say that the leading ladies of fashion cannot regard with indifference the mental affliction to which so many amiable female minds are exposed. It has, therefore, been decided by Madame G——"that she will wear her Figaro in Paris." Madame de D—— "will continue to appear in her pretty, short Scotch costume suggested by her pretty feet." The Countess G—— has solemnly declared that nothing shall induce her to put away her sea-side round hat, with the white wing of a bird coquettishly placed therein, "which makes her look five years younger." The Princess P—— has announced to her family "that she would not give up her Polish boots for an empire." It is fearful to read how many ladies swear by a variety of jackets of all colors. The dispatch, as one goes on, reads more like the manifesto of a wide conspiracy than a serious document written for *Le Memorial Diplomatique.* The language and intentions of her Excellency Princess Gracieux are bold and revolutionary. To invade the supreme rights of the supreme government of Parisian fashions, which dictates to the whole world, is a sign of the times in which we live, when thrones are upset, and new empires formed. The dispatch is calculated to make an immense sensation. I am happy to say, however, up to the present moment Paris is perfectly tranquil.

Ah, well, may we hope to see the day when ladies shall be allowed to dress a little more to suit their own tastes, and respective styles of personal appearance. And when that day comes, if it ever does, we believe the great majority will know how to avail themselves of the privilege, without rendering themselves more or less ridiculous.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. This is Longfellow's new volume, and contains a number of stories in verse, written with the charming felicity which has given their author a place in the foremost ranks of the poets. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

SOUNDINGS FROM THE ATLANTIC. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. We have here ten of Mr. Holmes's able contributions to the Atlantic Monthly—gathered in a book for the benefit of his numerous admirers.

Published by Ticknor & Fields; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for December, contains a very interesting article styled The Man Without a Country, a fine story by the author of "Life in the Iron Mills," &c. We would like to know whether the first is fact or fiction.

HARPER'S MONTHLY contains the usual number of interesting articles.

CAMP FIRES OF THE REVOLUTION; or, The War of Independence, Illustrated by Thrilling Events and Stories by the Old Continental Soldiers. By HENRY C. WATSON. Published by Lindsay & Blakiston. A large and handsome volume, illustrated with numerous engravings.

☞ CRINOLINE AT A DISCOUNT.—The inconvenience of crinoline have been found so great in the Staffordshire Potteries, that the principal manufacturers, Messrs. Copeland, Messrs. Minton, and others, have forbidden the use of crinolines on their premises during the hours of work. In one shop alone, the losses by the breakage of articles swept down by them, amounted to £200 a year. The workshops became too small, and the work was impeded. The workwomen have submitted to the change with almost entire unanimity and good will, and now enter upon their work in garments like those of Greek statues.

☞ A man in Malden, Mass., recently celebrated the 28th anniversary of his birthday by blasting that number of rocks on his premises, which he had previously collected and prepared for the occasion. A party of friends was present to partake of good cheer and enjoy the sport.

☞ There was an Old Song that claimed for the marriage that the service should be read "as long as you love," instead of "as long as you live," in fixing the limit of the matrimonial bond. Two in Iowa, Mr. Wade Ilaly, of Massachusetts, and Miss Dora B. Macomber, of New York, have lately joined themselves on these terms, and will cancel the bond in the event of unhappiness.

☞ Cupid must be persevering in San Francisco, for he has just secured the marriage of a man named Arkeimenteltorf.

A NEW MAGAZINE, FOR THE LADIES.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND FASHION.

The subscribers would beg leave to call the attention of their friends and the public to the NEW MAGAZINE which they are about to issue, and the January number of which is nearly ready. The name will be

THE LADY'S FRIEND,

and it will be devoted to choice Literature and the illustration of the Fashions. It will also contain the latest patterns of Cloaks, Capes, Bonnets, Head Dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., &c.; with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies generally.

THE LADY'S FRIEND will be edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the Literary Department, of the following

UNRIVALLED CORPS OF WRITERS:

MRS. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," &c.
MARY HOWITT,
MRS. E. S. RANDOLPH,
EL'NOR C. DONNELLY,
C. M. TROWBRIDGE,
MARGARET HOSMER,
VIRG'A. F. TOWNSEND,
MRS. M. A. DENISON,
CLARA AUGUSTA,
LAURA J. ARTEN,
AUGUST BELL,
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CHARLES MORRIS,
HELEN M. PRATT,
MAGGIE C. HOBY,
MRS. ANNA BACHE,
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HARRIS BYRNE,
MRS. Z. B. SPENCER,
MATTIE DYER BRITTS,
ANNIE RUSSELL,
Miss A. L. MCKEEY,
SARA J. RUMSEY,
CLARA DOTY,
HARR'T. W. STILLMAN,
MINNIE MAY,
ARTHUR HAMPTON,
T. J. CHAMBERS,
BARBARA BRANDE,
and other talented writers.

HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

A HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVING and a COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE will illustrate every number; besides well executed Wood Cuts, illustrative of Stories, Patterns, &c., too numerous to mention. The January number will contain a beautiful Steel Engraving, *designed expressly for this Magazine by Scheussele*, and called

GABRIEL WILKIE'S RETURN.

This handsome Steel Plate illustrates a story of love, war, and a broken engagement, by Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, and will be of itself, we trust, worth the price of the number.

A SEWING MACHINE GRATIS!

We will *give* to any person sending thirty subscriptions to THE LADY'S FRIEND and Sixty Dollars, one of WHEELER & WILSON'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES, such as they sell for Forty-five Dollars. The Machines will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, with the exception of freight.

In procuring subscribers for this Premium, we prefer that the thirty subscribers should be procured at the regular terms of Two Dollars for each, but where this cannot be done, they may be procured at our club rates, and the balance of the Sixty Dollars forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. *The Magazines will be sent to different Post-Offices, if desired.* Every person collecting names should send them with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their Magazines, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (thirty), and whole amount of money (Sixty Dollars), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

TERMS.

Our terms will be the same as those for that well known weekly paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *seventeen* years—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and will be as follows:

CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year,	$2.00
2 copies, one year,	3.00
4 copies, one year,	6.00
8 copies, and one to getter-up of club,	12.00
20 copies, and one to getter-up of club,	28.00
One copy each of THE LADY'S FRIEND and SATURDAY EVENING POST,	3.00

☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND (postage paid by us) 20 cents.

☞ The matter in THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be different from that in THE POST.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

Address

DEACON & PETERSON,

No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

☞ Specimen numbers will be sent gratuitously (when written for) *to those desirous of procuring subscribers.*

☞ Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a *marked* copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

☞ Galignani has received a communication from "A Traveller," in which he recommends ice as a sure remedy as well as a prophylactic against sea-sickness. He states that he has tried it himself with success, and that if the stewards of steamers would keep a supply of lemon-water ices on board, they would profit themselves and render a great service to their passengers.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1864.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

"The Oldest and Best of the Weeklies."

The Proprietors of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—which paper is now in its *Forty-third Year!*—would simply announce in their Prospectus for 1864, that they design maintaining for their weekly the high character it has already acquired as

A FIRST CLASS LITERARY PAPER!

They have reason to believe that the stories of MRS. WOOD, author of "East Lynne," &c.; MISS BRADDON, author of "Eleanor's Victory," &c.; MARION HARLAND, author of "Alone," &c.; MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND, and numerous other excellent writers, have been generally regarded as possessing the greatest merit and the most absorbing interest; and they design procuring for THE POST in the future as in the past, the best *Stories, Sketches,* and other *Literary Novelties* which they can possibly obtain. They intend commencing in the first paper in January,

A New Novel, by Mrs. Wood,

Author of "EAST LYNNE," &c.,

From advance sheets, expressly forwarded to us from England.

This Story will be called

"OSWALD GRAY,"

and will be about the length of "Verner's Pride" and "East Lynne."

In addition to the Stories written expressly for THE POST, its Editor also strives to lay before its readers, the best Stories from the English Periodicals. And gives, in addition to the Tales and Sketches, more or less Agricultural Matter, with a Riddle, Receipt, News, and Market Departments, every week.

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One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,	3.00

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium may be either one or the other, as desired.

☞ The matter in the paper will always be different from that in the magazine.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,

NO. 319 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a *marked* copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

WORK.—The best lesson a father can give his son is this:—"Work; strengthen your moral and mental faculties, as you would strengthen your muscles, by vigorous exercise. Learn to conquer circumstances; you are then independent of fortune. The men of athletic minds, who left their marks on the years in which they lived, were all trained in a rough school. They did not mount their high position by the help of leverage; they leaped into chasms, grappled with the opposing rocks, avoided avalanches, and, when the goal was reached, felt that but for the toil that had strengthened them as they strove, it would never have been attained."

☞ George Catlin, the wellknown writer on the Indians, has published a curious book, illustrated with curious drawings. The theory is that man should "keep his mouth shut" and breathe properly, in order to attain to the full dignity of his position in creation. The necessity of sleeping with the mouth closed is urged on grounds both of utility and beauty.

☞ Nearly all the ballet girls and *figurantes* employed at the Paris theatres are now English girls.

CLERGYMEN'S DAUGHTERS.

[We take the following from the Rural New Yorker. It would seem from it that the ladies to the north of us are still "progressing:"]

It is pretty well known that a new fashion of rather a startling character has recently been introduced—that of ladies riding on horseback astride, and in gentleman's apparel. Whether this fashion will succeed or not is a question somewhat difficult to answer. It is certain, however, that it has been adopted by ladies of the highest position in society, who sincerely believe that "the days of the side-saddle are numbered."

The riding suit adopted by this new school of lady equestrians consists of a *dark blue cloth dress coat and buff cassimere vest, both trimmed with plain, flat, gilt buttons; solid-colored cassimere pantaloons, and black "stove-pipe" hat.* This fashion has been patronized to a considerable extent by young ladies of clerical connections, among whom may be named Miss Anna Livingston, Miss Margaret C. Hurlbut, and the three Misses Hasselmann, all daughters of clergymen—the first two living in this country, and the last in Prussia. This fact has aroused the indignation of certain editors, who seem to think that "persons' daughters" are on an entirely different footing, so far as regards dress, from the rest of mankind, and have no right to "parade themselves on the highway in male costume glittering with gilt buttons."

It is not my desire to discuss the propriety of ladies wearing *any* kind of masculine dress. The question on the tapis is simply this:—Ought those young ladies who happen to be clergymen's daughters to be restrained from dressing like the daughters of laymen with whom they associate? I answer *No!* I grant that, for the sake of example, they ought carefully to avoid everything like extravagance or ostentation in their apparel; but I do not think the "male riding dress is open to either of these objections. Considering its durability, it is much cheaper than a broadcloth riding habit, as ordinarily worn by ladies. It has also the advantage of being more convenient when the rider dismounts to make calls. In an esthetic point of view, it is eminently genteel and elegant, without, in my opinion, verging on dandyism. With regard to the buttons, I would merely say that they are, *comme il faut; plain, flat,* gilt buttons are always in unimpeachable taste on blue coats and buff vests; whether worn by clergymen's daughters, laymen's daughters, or gentlemen themselves. Upon the whole, I do not think the riding dress is either extravagant or ostentatious; but simply a plain and neat costume, suitable to be worn anywhere by gentlemen; and, if ladies may be allowed to wear it at all, quite as becoming to clergymen's as to laymen's daughters.

In conclusion, I may observe that I am neither a clergyman's daughter, nor (so far) a wearer of the masculine riding dress; though I have a life-long friend who unites both characters, without detriment to her reputation as a discreet and sensible woman. She might have chosen a black suit; but she preferred the blue and buff and gilt buttons, and therein manifested her good taste.

CORNELIA A. LITTLE.

Denton, Oct., 1863.

FASHION IN PARIS.

A Paris correspondent of the London Post says:—"That which strikes terror into the heart of every parent in Paris is the daily increasing cost of life. All popular tastes are expensive; the bare necessities of existence are double the price they were ten years ago, and the universal race is after gold—aye, at almost any cost. A lady wears a mechanic's income on her back. Some of our good old-fashioned country housewives would start with horror could they see the milliners' bills of clerks' wives. The fifth story—anywhere so that the roof does not slant—will do for the home, so that the bonnet and the flounces are of the newest. The fever is catching the very poor, to add to their straits. The snow-white cap of other days is being put aside for the cheap bonnet. The trim, clean, economical blouse is cast away as the mark of labor (as though there were not honor in labor) for the square-cut suit of shoddy cloth. The reckless expenditure on dress is a pestilence that sinks deep. It is reaching the very poorest of the Paris poor, to the destruction of the comfort that was in their old, picturesque, and rational attire. The Parisians have always ridiculed the appearance of the working and very poor population of London in castors and bonnets, hideous caricatures of the goods of Lincoln and Bennett, and the late Miss Jane Clarke; but Paris is not now free from extravagant imitations among the working population of the art-manufactures of Madame Laure and M. Dusanbuy. The Docks de la Tollette, the Pauvre Diable, and the Belle Jardiniere, find their customers not only among the shabby-genteel, but also among classes who never sported broadcloth until the sweating system and shoddy made their appearance in Paris. French writers squib the worshippers of the golden calf, and laugh at the poor folk who don cheap imitations of the worshippers' splendid vestments; but the fever of extravagance never abates, and the genteel poor groan under the sacrifices they are compelled to make."

LATEST NEWS.

From the Army of the Potomac.

Accounts of Meade's forward movement up to Saturday morning have come to Washington by special messengers. The cavalry on the left had a severe fight with the rebel cavalry, and the latter were driven back on their infantry. Gregg was engaged on the Fifth Corps line in front of Mine Run, and the left of Meade's line was pushed forward. The Second Corps, under Warren, drove the rebels beyond Robertson's Tavern, on our front, to the centre of our line. On our right the divisions of the Third Corps have advanced as far as Ewell's Corps. The rebel General Hill and Ewell's Corps is said to have lost one more killed, wounded, and prisoners, than the Federals, reports having captured 500 rebels. The troops on our centre had no heavy fighting. On Saturday it was found the enemy had retreated two miles. It is believed that Lee has succeeded in getting across from passing the river by Raccon Ford on our left.

From Chattanooga.

Latest despatches show that the enemy is now concentrating at Dalton waiting a junction with Longstreet, who, it is said, had been ordered some time ago to join the main army under Bragg. Grant's movements on Oct. Long met the rebel Gen. Wheeler's horsemen, near Cleveland, Tennessee, and routed them. The north end of Knoxville has been burned, but the situation of Gen. Burnside is unaffected. Our loss in the late battle is killed, wounded and prisoners, it is said, will not amount to over 2,000.

Miscellaneous.

Gen. Banks has captured Corpus Christi and other places on the coast of Texas. One of the principal points taken by him is Aransas City, near the pass of that name. This is the place where Taylor landed, previous to the occupation of Point Isabel.

John Morgan and six of his officers escaped from the Columbus penitentiary, on Saturday evening. They dug a tunnel into a sewer running under the jail.

BEGINNING TO WALK.

He's not got his sea-legs, the darling;
He's been in our ship but a year;
He isn't yet versed in our lingo—
Knows nothing of sailing, I fear.

But he soon will hear more of the billows,
And learn the salt taste of the wave:
One voyage, though it's short is sufficient,
When our ports are the Cradle and Grave.

☞ Captain Latshaw, the post quartermaster at Lexington, Kentucky, has been tried by court-martial, fined $60,000, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment for defrauding the Government.

☞ Viscount Raynham has introduced a bill into the British Parliament forbidding the use of any instrument but birch in "personal application to schoolboys."

☞ The grandfather of the late Lord Lyndhurst, (John Singleton Copley,) the Lord Chancellor of England, was a small tobacconist in a back lane in Boston—Richard Copley—whose widow carried on the business after his death, and marrying one Peter Pelham afterwards, they carried on the business together. She died in 1760, when her son, Cophurst the great artist, (Lord Lyndhurst's father,) was in the height of his fame as a portrait painter.

☞ "That officer," Louis XIV. exclaimed, within hearing of one of his generals who frequently solicited favors, "is the most troublesome in my service." "Your majesty's enemies," he replied, "have said the same thing more than once."

☞ A very plain young man, of loose habits, happening to remark before Douglas Jerrold that he was fastidious, "You mean," growled the latter, "that you are *fast* and *hideous.*"

☞ "This war," says a Mississippian, writing to his son in the rebel army, "was got up drunk, but they will have to settle it sober."

☞ It is perhaps not generally known that the Russians use English terms for the various parts of a ship, and all the orders for sailing are given in Dutch. These terms were originally engrafted in the Russian tongue by Peter the Great, who studied ship-building in England and seamanship in Holland. It was found easier to adopt these foreign terms than to invent new ones for every day use, as they had no equivalent in Russian.

☞ PADDY O'REILLY'S RETURN.—Miles O'Reilly, the soldier who was arrested on Morris Island, S. C., for making poetry, and pardoned by the President in response to a witty poetical petition, has arrived in New York on a furlough, and met with an enthusiastic reception by his old mates. He has sent a hymn of thanks to the President, beginning—

"Long life to you, Misther Lincoln;
May you die both late an' aisy;
An' whin you lie wid the top of sich toe
Turned up to the roots of a daisy,
May this be your epitaph, nately writ:
'Though thraitors abused him vilely,
He was honest an' kindly, he loved a joke,
An' he pardoned Miles O'Reilly.'"

☞ It may safely be said that, as late as Anne's reign in England, there existed scarcely one horse over fifteen hands in height. Cromwell's Ironsides had done their work on steeds two inches lower than even this moderate standard.

☞ A writer in the London Times, giving a biographical sketch of the late Lord Lyndhurst, said that, "great as he was, he bowed before the greatness of the Supreme Being!" What condescension!

☞ The demagogue blows up the flames of political discord for no other occasion than that he may thereby handily boil his own pot.

LINES.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

No bird-song floated down the hill,
The tangled bank below was still;

No rustle from the birchen stem,
No ripple from the water's hem.

The dusk of twilight round us grew,
We felt the falling of the dew:

For, from us, ere the day was done,
The wooded hills shut out the sun.

But on the river's farther side
We saw the hill-tops glorified,—

A tender glow, exceeding fair,
A dream of day without its glare.

With us the damp, the chill, the gloom;
With them the sunset's rosy bloom;

While dark, through willowy vistas seen,
The river rolled in shade between.

From out the darkness where we trod
We gazed upon those hills of God,

Whose light seemed not of moon or sun;
We spake not, but our thought was one.

We passed, as if from that bright shore
Beckoned our dear ones gone before;

And stilled our beating hearts to hear
The voices lost to mortal ear!

Sudden our pathway turned from night;
The hills swung open to the light;

Through their green gates the sunshine showed,
A long, slant splendor downward flowed.

Down glade and glen and bank it rolled;
It bridged the shaded stream with gold;

And, borne on piers of mist, allied
The shadowy with the sunlit side!

"So," prayed we, "when our feet draw near
The river, dark with mortal fear,

"And the night cometh chill with dew,
Oh, Father!—let Thy light break through!

"So let the hills of doubt divide,
So bridge with faith the sunless tide!

"So let the eyes that fall on earth,
On Thy eternal hills look forth;

"And in Thy beckoning angels know
The dear ones whom we loved below!"

FREAKS OF THE GUILLOTINE

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

We had all assembled in the large drawing-room, after dinner; the pale moon shining through the uncurtained windows, and the flickering blaze of the wood fire, were our only lights. The conversation turned upon a statement made that day, in the presence of one of our party, by a man who had brutally murdered his wife by cutting off her head with one blow. This man maintained that the head, after being entirely severed from the trunk, had spoken to him. The doctor ridiculed the idea.

"You believe, then," said M. Ledru, "that M. Guillotin was right in affirming that his machine was the surest, the most rapid, and the least painful method of terminating human life?"

"Most certainly."

"Permit me to say that you are mistaken."

"On what ground?"

Something in the tone of M. Ledru had induced us to gather about the two gentlemen, and to listen with eager attention to their conversation.

"It is an easy matter to demonstrate to any one," resumed M. Ledru, "who has any accurate notion of the structure of the human frame, that all sensation is not instantaneously destroyed by the axe. That, however, Doctor, is not at present my intention. My opinions are not mere theories, but are founded upon facts—facts that have come under my own personal observation. Let me begin by citing the well-known historical incident connected with the death of Charlotte Corday, who killed Marat whilst he was in his bath. I was present at her execution. At two in the afternoon I took my post near the Statue of Liberty. It was a warm day in July. The atmosphere was heavy, and threatening clouds gathered rapidly in the sky. At four the first thunder was heard, at the moment, it was said, that Charlotte left her prison. She had been torn from her cell while a young artist was making a sketch of her. He entreated her jailers for ten minutes more; but they, as if determined that even her portrait should not exist, were deaf to his words. The lightnings flashed sharply; the rain fell in torrents; the bursts of thunder shook the ground on which the multitude stood; but nothing could disperse the curious crowd. The women greeted Charlotte with yells and curses. I heard the roar of the infuriated populace, and felt them swaying from side to side before I could see anything. Presently the cart appeared, and I saw the condemned woman for the first time. She was a very beautiful woman of about twenty-seven years, with magnificent eyes. Her nose and lips were wonderfully regular. She stood upright. Her head thrown back, not so much with the scorn implied by her attitude, as by the manner in which her hands were tied behind her back. The rain had ceased to fall; but the three-quarters of an hour in which she had been exposed to its fury had served to saturate the woolen robe she wore, which now clung to her perfect figure, permitting its rounding, undulating grace to be clearly visible. This loose red garment, in which she had been clothed by the executioner, gave a singular expression and marvellous splendor to the naughty head crowned by the wealth of dark glossy hair. As she reached La Place the rain ceased, as I have said; and a ray of sunlight piercing the clouds, rested on her hair and shone about her head like a halo. When her eyes rested on the scaffold she turned slightly pale; but she quickly recovered her self-possession, and smiled as she looked at the guillotine. The cart stopped. Charlotte permitted no one to assist her as she ascended the steps of the scaffold, which were slippery from the rain. She moved quickly, though encumbered by the long trailing folds of the robe she wore. When the executioner touched her throat as he made an attempt to remove the handkerchief about it, she turned pale again; but, as before, a sweet smile followed to give the lie to this indication of cowardice, and she herself, without a moment's hesitation, placed her head on the block. The axe fell, the head rolled on the platform below; and now mark my words, Doctor, and you, too, post, listen to me!—it was then that a man, one of the assistant executioners, Legros by name, lifted this head by the hair, and with vile adulation to the populace, struck it on the cheek. Hear! That face blushed; not only the cheek that received the blow, but both, and the brow even to the roots of the hair, were crimsoned with the deep glow. For the head of Charlotte Corday was still conscious, and knew and felt the indignity to which she was subjected. The people saw this blush, and they took the part of the dead against the living—of the victim against the executioner—and shouted for vengeance. The wretch was carried off to prison. One moment more," said M. Ledru, as the doctor was about to speak. "This is not all. I wished to know what motives this man had for the disgraceful act he had committed, and obtained permission from the authorities to visit him at the prison of the Abbaye, where he was confined. He could not comprehend why he was punished for a thing which seemed to him, as he said, *so natural*. When I asked his reason for his act, he laughed aloud. 'I belong to the Marat party, and I wished to punish her on my own account.' 'But,' said I, 'do you not understand that such a violation of the respect due to the dead is almost a crime?' 'What!' said Legros, 'do you believe that those who have been guillotined die at once?' 'Unquestionably.' 'Then you had better take a look into the basket where they all lie together! Then you could see them frown and grind their teeth for five or ten minutes after their execution; and I should not not be at all surprised some fine day to hear one of the aristocrats—one of the heads, you understand—shout out "God save the king!"'"

"I knew all that I wished to know, and went away pursued by an idea. If it were true that those heads lived after being severed from their bodies, I determined to ascertain the fact for myself."

During this recital of M. Ledru's, the salon had grown very dark. No one spoke; no one moved to ring for candles, lest he should cease speaking; for we all understood that this account of Charlotte Corday's execution was only an introduction to something still more terrible.

After a few moments' silence, M. Ledru resumed as follows:—

"I must now inform you that I had encountered—no matter how—a young lady, with whom I was deeply enamored. I had been the means of procuring a passport for her father, and enabling him to escape out of France in order to avoid the horrible guillotine. She ought to have gone likewise, but through love of me she remained. Alas! that she did so. But let me hasten on with my tale. Immediately after her sire's departure for England, Lolange took a room in the Rue Turenne—or rather I had taken it in her name, the name of Lolange. I knew her by no other. I had also obtained a situation as a teacher in a school for her, where I thought she would be secure from the revolutionary police, now more vigilant than ever. Sundays and Thursdays we passed together in this little room in the Rue Turenne—from its windows we could look down on the spot where we first met, and every day we wrote to each other. Never had I been so happy. I had not, however, renounced the idea that entered my mind the day of my conversation with the executioner. I asked and obtained permission to make various experiments as to the continuance of sensation and life after execution, and all my experiments proved to me that there was much truth in what the man had told me. Unfortunately, there was no scarcity of subjects; thirty or forty persons were guillotined each day, and so great a quantity of blood was shed on La Place de la Revolution, that it was found necessary to make a ditch about the scaffold several feet in depth.

"This ditch was covered with planks; one of them turned under the foot of a child, of some eight or ten years, who was drowned in this hideous pool! I took care that Lolange never discovered in what way I passed the days that were not spent with her. I must acknowledge that I felt at first a strong repugnance to these remains of poor humanity; but I reminded myself that my studies and experiments might be of value to the whole human race. I made notes most carefully, and at the end of two months I decided to call in the aid of galvanism and electricity. The authorities had given me a little chapel in the corner of the cemetery of Clamart, and I had arranged a laboratory within it. You know, after man had driven Kings from their palaces, he drove God from his churches! There I had an electrical battery, and two or three of those instruments called *excitateurs*. I selected from the carts two or three bodies and two or three heads; the remainder were thrown into one common pit. The next day the heads and bodies upon which I had experimented the night before were added to them. My brother generally assisted me in my labors. In the midst of all this frightful association with death, my love for Lolange increased daily, and she, poor child, loved me with her whole soul. Her father had given his consent to our marriage, and we only postponed it until it was safe to disclose her real name; the name was that of a proscribed aristocrat, and involved certain death to her if she were discovered."

M. Ledru again paused, passed his hand over his brow, and then continued as follows:—

"A frightful event now took place that saddened both our hearts. This was the trial of Queen Marie Antoinette. On the 14th of October she was called before the court; on the 16th, at four in the morning, she received her sentence; the same day, at eleven, she mounted the scaffold. That morning I received a letter from Lolange, saying that she could not pass a day like that without seeing me. At two o'clock I went to our room in the Rue Turenne, and found Lolange in tears. I too was deeply affected by this execution. The Queen in my youth had been so good to me, that I had always preserved a vivid recollection of her kindness. Shall I ever forget that day?—it was a Wednesday; more than a mist of sadness hung over Paris—a cloud of positive terror. I was profoundly depressed; a presentiment of evil weighed upon me. I endeavored to strengthen Lolange, who wept in my arms; but words failed me, because I had no consolation—no hope in my heart. The night was more sad than the day. I remember that a dog howled perpetually until four in the morning; the next day we were told that his master had gone out carrying the key; he had been arrested in the street, condemned at three, executed at four. We were compelled to separate; the class taught by Lolange assembled at nine—the school was near the Jardin des Plantes. I had a hard struggle to let her go; she herself could not make up her mind to leave me. But to remain away for two days was to invite investigations that might prove very dangerous. I called a carriage, and went with her to the corner of La Rue des Fosses Saint Bernard; there I alighted. During the whole drive she sobbed convulsively, and it was difficult for me to restrain my own tears. I stood nailed to the ground watching the coach. Suddenly it stopped. Lolange called to me. I ran to her once more and kissed her. Once, did I say? A hundred times! The clock struck nine. I kissed away her tears, and hastily leaping from the carriage, hastened away. I thought Lolange called to me; but fearful of exciting notice, I closed my ears to her voice, and had the fatal courage not to turn back again. I passed the day in writing to her, and in the evening sent a volume. When I returned from posting my letter, I found one from her. She had been severely lecture; and they had even threatened to deprive her of her usual days of liberty. If it came to that, she said she should break with the mistress of the establishment. She added that she thought, from the appearance of a letter from her father awaiting her arrival, *that the seal had been tampered with!* I passed a frightful night, and a worse day. I wrote as usual to Lolange; and at three went for my brother to accompany me to Clamart. He was not at home, and I went alone. The weather was frightful; the rain fell in torrents, and the chill wind indicated that winter was near at hand. As I walked along I heard the public criers shouting out the list of the condemned of that day. There were men, women, and children. The bloody harvest was abundant; and I felt sure that the subjects for my experiments would be in readiness for me that night. The days were short—at four o'clock it was almost dark. The cemetery, with its freshly made graves—its naked trees, with their branches creaking in the wind—all gave me a thrill of horror. The pit yawned for that day's victims: it was larger than usual, for the grave diggers had been ordered to make it so. I approached it, mechanically, and looked in; it was half-full of water. I thought of the poor naked bodies that were to be thrown into this water as cold as themselves! My foot slipped, and I nearly fell into the pit. My hair stood on end; and chilled and wet I went to my laboratory. It was, as I have said, an ancient chapel. I looked about it. I lighted the candle, and placed it on my table, covered with strange-looking tools—my own inventions; and I thought of the poor Queen whom I had once seen so beautiful and so happy—whom yesterday I had seen driven in a cart to the scaffold, and whose headless trunk now reposed in the tomb of the murderers—she who had once slumbered under the golden draperies of the Tuileries, Versailles, and St. Cloud! Suddenly, amid the noise of the storm, I heard a well known rumbling. It was not thunder—it was the cart bearing the fearful burden from La Place de la Revolution to Clamart. The door of the little chapel opened, and two men, dripping with water, entered. In their arms was a large sack. One of these men was Legros, whom I had visited in prison. 'Look here, M. Ledru,' said he, 'this is your property; but you can have the whole batch; it pours so, we are not going to bury the good people until to-morrow. I don't believe they will take cold if they are exposed to the night air!' and with a hideous chuckle the two men placed the sack in the corner, near the ancient altar. Then they went out without shutting the door that creaked lugubriously on its rusty hinges, and permitting the entrance of gusts of wind that nearly extinguished my candle. I heard them detach their horses and depart, leaving the tumbril full of dead bodies standing in the cemetery. I wished to go with them, but something prevented me, a feeling which I could not have analyzed. I was no longer afraid—but I was bewildered. Suddenly a voice, at once sweet and mournful—a voice within my little chapel—uttered the name of 'Albert.' I started up—'Albert.' Only one person in the world could call me thus, for my name is Albert! My eyes wandered about the small room, which, small as it was, was lighted but dimly by my solitary candle, and fixed themselves on the sack—the cloth stained with blood indicated its contents. At the moment my eyes rested on the sack, the same voice, but fainter still, sadder still, repeated the same name—'Albert!' I started forward—this voice came from the interior of the sack—but sick with terror, and a vague presentiment, I stood still; then summoning all my resolution—like a machine, like a man of marble, I went to the sack, and closing my eyes, plunged my hand into its mouth. Then I decidedly felt that lips still warm were pressed upon my hand. I was in such a state of terror that its very excess gave me a fictitious courage. I lifted the head, and staggering back to my arm-chair, placed it on the table. Ah! the intolerable agony of that moment! The head whose lips were still red, still warm, was the head of Lolange! I thought myself mad. I called three times 'Lolange! Lolange! Lolange!' At the third time the eyes opened, looked at me, a tender light flashed from them, and they closed never to open again in this world. I was mad—wild with anger, despair, and horror; I wished to fly; but in rising I pushed the table over, with it the candle and the head that rolled at my feet. I fell to floor, the head rolled towards me, its lips met mine, an icy shiver passed over me, and I fainted. The next day I was found as cold as the marble on which I lay. Lolange, recognized by her father's letter, had been arrested, condemned, and executed on that day. This head that had spoken to me, those eyes which had looked at me, the lips that had kissed mine, were the lips, the eyes, the head of Lolange—the lips, the eyes, the head of the woman who was my affianced wife!"

Need a single word of comment be added to this terrible narrative?

A ROMANCE.

Why kneels he there at the maiden's feet,
Alone in the darkened room?
All is still in the moonlit street,
The night seems in a swoon.

Hath some fairy sprite with magic wand
Changed the twain to marble white;
Will he always kneel in a charmed land,
To her, in the pale moonlight?

Doth he speak of love with glistening eye,
Kneeling at her feet;
Doth he swear to be true for ever and aye,
In tones to her ear so sweet?

Doth he breathe his woe in a tranced sigh,
Or rave of the land of bliss—
A land where love may never die,
Whose borders are passed with a kiss?

But, hush—she speaketh—this maiden—
The moonbeams forget their play;
They think 'tis a voice from Aldenn,
And fain would list alway.

The maiden speaks with a murmur low,
Downcasting her eyes of blue:
"Doth it take so long, oh wight so slow,
So long to tie that shoe?"

"SHALL I LEARN TO DANCE?"—Asks a young reader. Certainly, by all means. Commence with the "Quickstep" out of bed in the morning, keep it up till the "chores" are finished. The boys will of course have a "*cow* drill at the barn, while the girls are engaged in a "*country* dance" in the kitchen. After this all hands "change" and promenade to school, keeping step to merry laughter. Repeating the same on the way home at night, with an occasional variation in winter by "tripping the toe" and having a "break down" in the snow bank. A "reel" now and then will be quite in place for the girls who have learned to spin, but the boys should never think of it.—*American Agriculturist.*

THE GAMBLING TABLES AT THE GERMAN BATHS.

I do not profess to have the gift of second sight; nor do I believe in other people possessing it. Yet, without clairvoyance, or magnetism, or the intervention of mediums, I can tell—sitting as I am now in a room looking out on a dull London court—exactly what is going on in half-a-dozen places hundreds of miles away. I must confess, however, that my power of divination is not peculiar to myself. Anybody who has once visited one of the score of German baths, where the body is cured medicinally while the purse is lightened by the pursuit of fortune under difficulties, can tell exactly what goes on day by day at Wiesbaden or Homburg, or any other gambling bath you like to mention. Everything else changes after years of absence; but you may come back to Baden after spending half your life on the other side of the Equator, and you will find the same people, or their exact counterparts, playing the same game with the same fortune. No matter at what hour of the twenty-four, supposing it to be between noon and midnight, any one of my readers who takes up this paper, may tell to a certainty what is going on within the saloons of the Spiel-Bad Kursaal. A number of men and women, all faded and jaded-looking, are sitting or standing round the long green baize tables; the numbers marked upon the boards are covered with a goodly array of florins and thalers and five-franc pieces, a few napoleons, and, possibly, if the play be high, a bank-note or two. "Faites vo' jeu" is the cry as the ball begins to go spinning round. No human being except a croupier could well speak in that monotonous metallic tone. Then the same voice calls out "Rien va plus," as the ball goes wobbling down into its fated compartment. There is a moment's pause, and then the eager bystanders hear the living machine call out—"Vingt-cinq rouge, impair et passe," or whatever else may be the number and its incidents. The bankers rake up the stakes, shovel out their winnings to the fortunate gamblers; and again the ball is set in motion, and again the croupier cries "Faites vo' jeu," and so on *ad infinitum*. This process has been repeated half-a-dozen times even while I have been writing these lines; and anybody who doubts the accuracy of my description has only to run over to Homburg—you can get there in four-and-twenty hours from London—and he will find that my surmise is correct. This much he may also reckon upon with certainty—that the bank will be winning, and that the players, taken collectively, will be losing. It always has been so, and always will be so to the end.

Possibly the inexperienced in such matters may be puzzled to understand how it is that the tables are always surrounded by new batches of victims. The sight of the rouleaux of gold and silver and the crisp bank-notes, have an attraction for the ordinary human intellect, which it requires great moral courage to resist; though of all kinds of gambling which I have ever seen, this, to my mind, has the least that is outwardly repulsive about it to one's better feelings. There is no playing upon credit, no winning (at least directly) the money of men you know cannot afford to lose it. If you do win, your stake is paid down on the moment; and the mere fact of having drawn money from the proprietor of a gaming table appears, by a mental sophistry, to be rather a meritorious act than otherwise.—Moreover, the fact of your gambling in this fashion does not bring you into contact with all the blackguardism and rascality that you must perforce come into companionship with, if you wish to make money by gambling on the Turf or the Stock Exchange. I am not saying this with a view to defend the reputation of these institutions. On the contrary, I believe that the outward decency and decorum which characterize them, render them all the more dangerous to public morality. I only mention this to explain the fact, how it is that hundreds of respectable and well-to-do people frequent these tables daily, year after year. It is fair, too, to say, that the motives which induce men to risk and lose their money at roulette, or "trente et quarante," are not so utterly absurd, as it is the fashion to assume. The stock commonplace assertion is, that nobody can possibly win, and that a man must be a fool to play when he is certain to lose. Like most commonplace truths, these assertions must be taken with a great deal of qualification. No doubt the chances against the players vary, at the different German tables, from five to ten per cent. in favor of the bank. In the long run, therefore, any man who goes on playing constantly must lose; but it by no means follows that every player always loses on every occasion. Some days, though I admit this is a rare occurrence, the bank pays out more than it gathers in; and not a day passes, but that some one or two out of the mass of players rise considerable winners.

It so happened that I was stopping one autumn at Wiesbaden very late in the season. It was getting cold and damp and cheerless, and the company was disappearing rapidly. The fishes in the Kursaal Garden waters must have been wondering at the intermittence of the miraculous supply of crumbs with which they were daily provided by unknown hands. The shops under the arcade were encumbered with packing boxes, and the shutters were making their appearance in front of the stores, where the smartest of young ladies used to dispense the most motley collections of pipes and bronze and Bohemian glass; the croupiers were to be seen at unusual hours loitering about the corridors, for default of employment at the half-deserted tables; and the bank was beginning to reckon up its annual profits with great satisfaction to the fortunate proprietors. At this fag-end of the season there appeared a pair of gamblers, who immediately became the talk of the place. They were come with the avowed design of breaking the bank when its coffers were supposed to be at the fullest. A stranger pair I never witnessed. Faust and Mephistopheles was the names that we, old habitues of the place, baptised them with; and to what name they answered in real life, or what position they occupied, we were never able to ascertain. Faust was a man of immense bulk and size, and looked something like a cross between a Manchester betting man and a Belgian brewer. His linen was of the dirtiest, and his huge hands were even dirtier than the fragment of shirt displayed about his bull-neck. His great gold chain and the diamond rings on his fat fingers bespoke a wealth strangely at variance with the slovenliness of his dress. Moreover, there could be no question about the fact of his wealth, though there might be about its origin. He carried with him on all occasions an immense greasy pocket-book, fastened with an india-rubber band, and literally bursting with bank-notes. He was said to have brought five hundred thousand francs with him; and from what I saw him lose, I have little doubt he might well have had half that amount. Mephistopheles, on the other hand, could have been bought up bodily, to say nothing of his soul, for half-a-guinea: he was a little old Jew, who might have been any age between fifty and a hundred. His threadbare clothes stuck so close to him that you felt convinced that if he ever took them off, which he obviously had not done for weeks, he would never get them on again. His nose was the most hooked and his eye the sharpest that I ever saw in any of his race; his hands too, were the very pattern of a vulture's talons. Apparently, his sole possessions in the world were a long tattered notebook, filled with elaborate calculations of chances, and the confidence of Faust. In fact, in the unholy partnership entered into between the two, Faust supplied the capital, and Mephistopheles the intellect. The plan on which the firm intended to operate may be understood even by persons unacquainted with any game of hazard.

There are an equal amount of odd and even numbers on a roulette-board, and therefore, in the long run, the odd or even numbers turn up one as often as the other. *Now*, supposing you put a sovereign on the odd numbers and lose it, you would then, according to the Mephistophelian system, stake next time two sovereigns on the same numbers. If you lose them you stake four, and so go on doubling till an odd number turns up. Whenever this event happens, the difference between the stake you win and the amount of the various sums you have lost is exactly your original stake; and therefore, as the odds must turn up some time or other, the termination of any series of even numbers must always leave you a winner. The system is infallible but for two fatal defects. The first is that, besides the eighteen odd numbers on the table, there is a zero; and whenever the ball falls into the hole corresponding to the zero (which of course it does, on an average, once in thirty-six times), the bank wins all the stakes, whether placed upon the odd or even numbers. This difficulty, however, is less serious than the second. If you go on doubling, the amount of your stake increases with a rapidity that is perfectly awful. Starting with a stake of five shillings, in ten rounds the amount you would have to put down would be £128. If you won it you would gain five shillings on the balance. If your courage gave way before the prospect of staking £256, you would lose £255 15*s.* on the series. To carry on this system, therefore, with absolute certainty of success, even laying aside all consideration of the zero, you ought to have the purse of Fortunatus. Practically, however, a run of more than eighteen consecutive odd or even numbers is, I believe, extraordinary, and a run of more than eight is unusually rare. To guard themselves, therefore, against the success of this system in the hands of very wealthy players, the bank has forbidden more than £400 to be staked on any one single chance.

It was by playing this doubling game that the firm of Mephistopheles, Faust, and Company, hoped to make their fortunes. Every morning, as soon as the tables opened, they seated themselves side by side at the board. Mephistopheles with his note-book before him, and the stump of a pencil in his lips; Faust with his pocket-book of bank-notes sticking out of his breast-pocket. The senior partner never played himself, but whispered his instructions to his colleague. Their rule was to stake a hundred-franc note, say upon the red, and to go on doubling till they won. To guard against the zero turning up, they placed a florin on this particular number, which they also doubled each time they lost. On the first day, as far as I could gather, they won a thousand francs or so. On the second evening, however, the fatal defect of their system made itself visible. They were playing on the

odd chance, and there was a run of enormous length on the even. Thirteen times in succession the croupier called out, "Pair!" By the time the seventh number of the series was reached the players had reached the maximum. Six times they played the maximum, and lost; and when at last the run turned, they lost close upon £3,000 in the space of thirty minutes. However, there was plenty of money still left among their assets; and the next day fortune favored them. At the close of the evening they had won £1,900. Mephistopheles, to do him justice, was a fine player; winning or losing, he never showed the slightest emotion, possibly because the money embarked in the speculation was not his own. Faust, on the other hand, was easily intoxicated with success, on this occasion he jumped up at the close of the evening's play; shook his banknotes in the face of the croupier, and informed him he would never leave till he had taken every franc out of the bank. Anything more calmly contemptuous than the bow with which this remark was received it is impossible to conceive.

The following two days the play went on with little interest, at any rate as far as lookers-on were concerned. Sunday was destined to be the day of the final triumph of the bank. In the morning I entered his room, and found Faust losing heavily and continuously. He had grown weary of the infallible martingale, and was staking large sums constantly on the odd or even, and always with ill-luck. I went away for a long walk into that pleasant Nassau country, and came back quite late in the evening. The tables were deserted, with the exception of the one at which Faust was ruining himself, where a dense crowd was gathered. Mephistopheles had quitted him in disgust; but even the absence of that disreputable guardian angel had brought him no change of fortune. He was playing wildly and madly—staking no longer on the even chance, but putting down the largest permitted sums on single numbers, which of course never turned up at the time they were wanted. The fat pocket-book had grown marvellously thin, great drops of black sweat were trickling down the unhappy man's face, and every moment I expected to see him fall in an apoplectic fit. At last he staked what apparently was his last note; the zero turned up, and the stake was remorselessly swept up by the croupier's rake. There was a sort of hush, and everybody turned towards the ruined man. Happily, the scene—instead of ending, as I feared, in a tragedy—had a termination which was grimly comic. By the side of the table there stood a mild little English curate, with the gloss iest of black coats, the neatest of white ties, and that ineffable look of self-satisfaction which only a popular clergyman can attain to. What he was doing there I cannot tell. I hope he had not won his money; but there is no doubt that an imbecile smirk was on his face. Of a sudden Faust staggered up from the table; his eyes caught that of the parson. I cannot wonder if that smirk grated irresistibly upon his feelings. At any rate, he sprang forward, grasped the wretched curate by the collar, spun him round as he would a child, and asked him what he meant by laughing at his misfortunes. "Come into the garden, sir!" he shouted, "and fight me with swords or pistols, and I will kill you like a dog." Of course the poor little clergyman, being very diminutive, had an immensely tall wife. This valiant British matron, seeing her husband's life in peril, rushed up, threw her arms round Faust's neck from behind, and screamed out to him to let her lord and master go.

Meanwhile the waiters had been summoned hastily; the curate was rescued, and Faust was led away, not unkindly, and given water to drink, and a few pounds to take himself off where he liked, so long as he did not kill himself on the premises. I believe, however, that this vent of anger saved him from a fit. Wiesbaden saw him no more. Both he and Mephistopheles disappeared as mysteriously as they came, and the accounts of the bank showed an additional two or three hundred thousand francs to the credit side.

E. D.

THE FOOD OF THE RUSSIAN PEASANTS.—Practice and native shrewdness had long ago taught the Russian peasant the importance of large quantities of soft carbon being taken into his animal system; important against the cold of that climate, and still more important as a corrective of the large quantity of plain bread he delights to consume; three pounds a day generally, and five pounds during harvest, over and above his *kasha*, or boiled millet, eggs, milk, salted cucumber, mushrooms, cabbage, and not unfrequently supplies of beef. The sort of bread he prefers is rye, and prefers it for the same reason that the acute Scottish ploughman clings to his oaten cake, and discerned long before the days of Leibig that it was chemically more strengthening to muscular fibre than expensive wheaten flour. So here, having his dear "black" bread, as well as most other articles of his food, fried up in abundance of rich linseed oil, or on high days and holidays with sunflower oil, the hardy denizen of the woods of Archangel, or the roamer over the steppes of Tamboy, is able to prosecute his work through all seasons of the year in spite of even Siberian weather.—*Prof. Smyth's "Three Cities of Russia."*

MY QUEEN.

I.

When and how shall I earliest meet her?
What are the words she first will say?
By what name shall I learn to greet her?
I know not now; it will come some day!
With the selfsame sunlight shining upon her,
Shining down on her ringlets sheen,
She is standing somewhere, she I shall honor,
She that I wait for, my queen, my queen!

II.

Whether her hair be golden or raven,
Whether her eyes be hazel or blue,
I know not now, but 'twill be engraven
Some day hence as my loveliest hue.
Many a girl I have loved for a minute,
Worshipped many a face I have seen,
Ever and ay there was something in it,
Something that could not be hers, my queen!

III.

I will not dream of her tall and stately,
She that I love may be fairy light;
I will not say she must move sedately,
Whatever she does it will then be right.
She may be humble or proud, my lady,
Or that sweet calm which is just between;
And whenever she comes she will find me ready,
To do her homage, my queen, my queen

IV.

But she must be courteous, she must be holy,
Pure in her spirit, this maiden I love;
Whether her birth be noble or lowly
I care no more than the spirits above.
But I'll give my heart to my lady's keeping,
And ever her strength on mine shall lean;
And the stars may fall and the saints be weeping,
Ere I cease to love her, my queen, my queen!

Hints to Mothers---Speak Low.

I know some houses, well built and pleasantly furnished, where it is not pleasant to be even a visitor. Sharp, angry tones resound through them from morning till night, and the disease is as contagious as measles, and much more to be dreaded in a household. The children catch it, and it lasts for life—an incurable disease. A friend has such a neighbor within hearing of her house when doors and windows are open, and even Poll Parrot has caught the tune, and delights in screaming and scolding, until she has been sent into the country to improve her habits. Children catch cross tones quicker than parrots, and it is a much more mischievous habit. Where mother sets the example, you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their plays with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is always weak and irregular. The children expect just so much scolding before they do anything they are bid, while many a home where the low, firm tone of the mother, or a decided look of her steady eye is law, never think of disobedience, either in or out of her sight.

Oh, mothers! it is worth a great deal to cultivate that "excellent thing in a woman," a low, sweet voice. If you are ever so much tried by the mischievous or wilful pranks of the little ones, speak low. It will be a great help to you even to try to be patient and cheerful, if you cannot wholly succeed. Anger makes you wretched, and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good, but plenty of evil. Read what Solomon says of them, and remember he wrote with an inspired pen. You cannot have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens any—they make them only ten times heavier. For your own as well as your children's sake, learn to speak low. They will remember that tone when your head is under the willows. So, too, would they remember a harsh word and angry voice. Which legacy will you leave for your children?—*N. Y. Chronicle.*

THE WOMEN OF DAHOMEY.

"The Amazons," says Commodore Wilmot, "are everything in Dahomey. When the King made his public entry into his capital, his carriage was drawn by this his body guard. The women are much more numerous than the men, perhaps three to one. The army is half made up of women. They are far superior to the men in appearance and figure, in their performances as soldiers, and in bravery. They are remarkably well limbed and strong, and very active in their movements. They would run with some of the best runners in England. Armed with muskets and blunderbuses, they load and fire with remarkable rapidity, and in practice with ball, at a mark, proved themselves good shots. They carry swords also, and gigantic razors for cutting off heads. Some have bows and arrows. They have not the ferocity of countenance which might be expected from their vocation. Most of them are young and well-looking. They are supposed to a lead a life of chastity, and are obliged to do so, for, if they did anything wrong, it would be sure to be discovered, and would be punished with death. They fetch water daily—the one in front with a bell round her neck, to warn the men to run away, for if one dropped and broke her jar, the man who happened to be near would be considered the cause of the accident, and be imprisoned or have his head taken off. All day long the bell is heard, and people are flying away in all directions. The Amazons seem to enjoy it, and laughed heartily when the three Europeans stepped aside to avoid them."

THE WHITE WOLF.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY J. WALKER MACBETH.

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CHAPTER XX.

BEFORE AND AFTER BREAKFAST.

Poor Bechamell pulled out his watch, and saw with dismay that the regular hour for breakfast had passed by ten minutes. He heaved a profound sigh; but he had th put up with it.

"I am sent here," said Didier, "by his Majesty, to escort the public treasure, the taxes across your country, and more especially to suppress this handful of rebels who are called Wolves. I have not come without my plan of campaign. The Rennes cavalry police is all ready; that of Laval marches to Brittany while I speak.—Those of Vitry, of Fougeres and of Louvigne-du-Desert will second me at need."

"Capital," cried Bechamell. "All this will form a respectable army."

"About three hundred men, sir."

"Too few," said Vannoy. "The Wolves are four times that."

Bechamell moderated his joy.

"I thought they were more," replied the captain, coldly.

"We shall be one to four, that is enough."

"I do not understand how that is," said Bechamell.

"It is enough, because we will have all the advantages on our side. You do not think, I suppose, that I mean to attack them at the Wolf-Den? Do not be surprised, Mr. de Vannoy, if I know the name of their retreat. Thanks to circumstances which I need not mention to you, I know the Forest of Rennes as if I had been born there."

At this last word, Hervey de Vannoy started violently, and became so pale that Bechamell thought it necessary to support him in his arms.

"What ails you, my friend?" demanded the comptroller.

"Nothing! nothing!" stammered the other.

"Ah, I wager it is because you have eaten nothing this morning, before this business affair. By-the-bye, the breakfast hour is past by thirty-five minutes and one quarter."

Vannoy, by a strong effort, thrust his faintness of heart from him.

"Captain, excuse me. A sudden dizziness; I am subject to that infirmity. Please proceed."

"For your health's sake, my dear friend," insisted Bechamell heroically, "do eat something. We will make allowances for you, the captain and I."

Vannoy made a gesture of impatience, and the Marquis saw with profound grief that breakfast was indefinitely put off.

"I have said that the forest is well known to me. I know that the position of the Wolves is impregnable, and I do not intend to run the hazards of an attack. I have my own positions chosen; and I ask of you, Mr. de Vannoy, your Castle of Tremlays, and of you, comptroller, your pleasure house of Cœur-Rose."

"What to do with it?" cried the Marquis.

"I do not know; perhaps to use it for a depot of arms."

"But the rooms are all carpeted; it cost twenty thousand pounds to put them to rights."

"Fie, Marquis," interrupted Vannoy.

But this time, the financier was restive.

"I have there," continued he, "sculptured furniture, incrusted, gilt; porcelains of Japan; Italia china; Swiss freestone; Swedish crystals. The kitchen furniture alone cost me fourteen thousand five hundred livres. And you wish to expose all this to pillage! Your soldiers will play the mischief with my larder; they will drink all that is in my cellar—the best stocked in France or Navarre; they will dirty my carpets with their feet; break my crystals. A depot for arms, in sooth!"

Didier went on as if he had met no interruption.

"Perhaps as a depot for arms. Whatever befals, I promise you, gentlemen, to give you two hours' notice in advance."

"That will be enough," said Vannoy, who seemed resolved to approve of everything.

"My dearest friend," cried Bechamell, exasperated, "I do not understand you."

Vannoy pressed his hand strongly. A sign which even the dullest understand in all countries. The financier was instinctively silent.

"It seem s to me, my dear guest," demanded Vannoy, in a tone of the most cordial courtesy, "that these measures you speak of form the last part of your plan. Before fortifying, you will occupy yourself no doubt, in convoying the specie which waits for you at Rennes, for they say that the King's chest is empty, or next thing to it."

"Such is in effect my project, sir."

"Then, whilst we are waiting till Tremlays be made your arsenal, we shall prepare, if you please, an eating-house for the men who escort the tax."

"The treasure," replied the captain, "will remain under the guaranty and responsibility of the Comptroller Royal, till it leaves the frontiers of Brittany. It is his part, therefore, to make choice of a place where the escort may pass the night in safety, as he is responsible for the money."

An expression of singular disquietude flitted over the face of the Lord of Tremlays. This disquietude must have been very great, since Vannoy, accustomed as he was to subdue his physiognomy, was not able to repress the traces of it. Didier and the Marquis remarked it. The former gave it no great attention; he thought he understood Vannoy, whom he despised, but did not suspect of treachery. His proud carelessness disdained to occupy itself with so slight an incident. As to Bechamell, he interpreted in his own style, the evident pain of the Lord of Tremlays. He thought that Vannoy, seeing the choice of the halting-place remained in Bechamell's hands, doubted his willingness to pay the expenses of the men in their halting-place, wherever it might be.

"My friend," he said, therefore, "I ought to assure you that the expense of the convoy I shall bear most willingly."

Vannoy grew pale, and frowned.

"I shall pay everything," Bechamell went on; "hospitality to me is a duty."

"You wish, then, to receive the King's men in your house of Cour-Rose," demanded Vannoy, whose anxiety augmented visibly.

"Not at all, my friends; not at all," cried Bechamell, rapidly.

Vannoy drew a long breath of relief. The ruddy color appeared on his round cheekbones. This change was so irresistible and marked, that Didier could not but notice it. However, it was but the affair of a moment, and in proportion as calm returned to the countenance of Vannoy, the doubts of the young officer disappeared. But, to an attentive spectator of this scene, it was manifest that some bold design was rising in Vannoy's brain, a design that greatly needed that Bechamell should select Tremlays for the resting-place of the King's money. Bechamell, who was a hundred leagues from thinking that his choice of Tremlays could please Vannoy, tried to excuse himself.

"I repeat to you, my friend," said he, "that you will have nothing, absolutely nothing to pay. But this is an affair of five hundred thousand pounds. If so large an amount were carried off, my credit would be terribly shaken. Now, you know very well, Cour-Rose could not stand a siege, if the Wolves attacked it."

"The comptroller is right," said the captain, who for the last ten minutes was giving little attention.

"Let us to breakfast," cried the Lord of Tremlays, who seemed suddenly restored to excellent humor.

The stroke was decisive; it carried all before it. Bechamell could not help repeating these words, which awoke the tenderest echoes in his heart—

"Let us to breakfast!"

Vannoy leaned familiarly on Didier's arm. Bechamell, his nostrils expanded, and catching eagerly every smell that was borne from the pantry, went foremost. As they passed along, it was decided that the convoy with the money should set out from Rennes next day. From the city to the castle the distance was short, but the Brittany roads in 1740 were made so as to quadruple the journey.

Scarcely was breakfast over, and the Marquis taking his siesta, a great duty never to be neglected by gourmands, when Vannoy, quitting Didier under some plausible pretext, went with a careworn aspect towards his apartment.

"Send hither immediately," said he to a valet, "Laplerre and Master Allan."

The servant hastened to obey, and Vannoy went on; but, having thrown a chance look through one of the bow windows of the corridor, he saw Alice, who thoughtful and with bent head was threading the main alley of the garden.

"Always sad," said Vannoy, in a tone through which ran a small mingling of sensibility; "my poor daughter! But after all, she is unreasonable. Bechamell will make a jewel of a husband." He was about passing on, when in another alley which ran at right angles with the first, he saw the captain, who seemed in a reverie too. Vannoy gave a gesture of ill humor. "She was on the point of forgetting him," murmured he. "In a month, this silly love would have become a mere recollection, one of those melancholy recollections that amuse women, but form no obstacle to a good and sober marriage. But here he is returned to us again. His coming disarranges all my plans. And then if one of those chances that seem hell-born should touch him—" Vannoy interrupted himself.

As we have said, the two alleys that Alice and Didier followed, crossed each other. At every step the two young people drew nearer; they must meet in a few seconds.

"His star," Vannoy continued, "drives him on to injure me. He will destroy me, or I him."

Alice and Didier arrived at the same moment at the point of convergence of the alleys; in an instant they would be face to face. Vannoy put his hunting whistle to his lips. The noise made the two young people lift their heads. Alice turned to the side of the castle whence came the sound, and obeyed the gesture to come to him made by her father. Didier bowed to her, and went on.

"That was like a rendezvous," thought Vannoy. "I have missed him twice; number three brings good luck, they say." He entered his room where the two trusty serving men hastened to join him. Almost at the same instant Alice opened the door.

"You called me, father," she said.

Vannoy, who was opening his mouth to give some orders to his two followers, hesitated a little, and was on the point of sending his daughter away, but he took another resolution.

"Remain here," he said to the two, "I will need you in a moment." Then he passed the arm of Alice under his own, and led her gently into the gallery. Master Allan and Laplerre remained alone. The steward paid a visit to his tin flask; Laplerre pocketed all the stray pieces of money that were to be found. But every drawer was locked. Looking from the window he saw Didier in the garden.

"I thought I disliked him more than I do. He is a fine fellow. Vannoy pays badly, and asks too much. Well, we shall see. No open drawers! a few pieces of money for much and dangerous work. It is pitiable to damn one's-self for so little. We must see about this."

CHAPTER XXI.

MISS DE VANNOY.

Whilst these two waited, Hervey de Vannoy paced the corridor slowly with his daughter, who leaned on his arm, and whose white hand he caressed paternally.

"I have to scold you, Alice," said he with his whining voice. "You have been so cold to our young guest." He stopped at these words, and looked keenly at his daughter. No emotion appeared on her calm and lovely countenance. "We must not shoot beyond the mark. The captain is a brave officer of the King who has a right to all our attentions, and though one does not like the man, it is proper to constrain one's-self a little."

Alice lifted to him her tranquil look.

"And how, when one loves him?" asked she in a low tone.

Vannoy started, and could not restrain a grimace of dissatisfaction, but he controlled himself immediately.

"What folly," cried he, forcing a laugh. "It is a year, if I remember, since we had a conversation about this childishness; and you promised me—"

"I promised you to try to forget. I have tried. I cannot, my father."

"You promised more, Alice."

"Yes," said she slowly; "I promised you to lay aside all hope of ever being his. I have kept my promise. I have no more hope."

Vannoy kissed his daughter's hand, and took up a commonplace subject of conversation, but her last words froze his artificial gayety. He loved his daughter; the only praiseworthy sentiment that remained in his heart amidst the ravages of selfishness and cupidity. He would have liked to make her happy, but events mastered him. He had no choice. One word of Bechamell's would put in doubt his fortune, his nobility, his life; at whatever price, he must purchase the support of that man. At this moment Vannoy was on the rack. Alice was too strong for him, with her noble frankness. For the thousandth time, perhaps, he repented having employed stratagem with her; perceiving too late that craft is feeble against candor. Too vile to feel in all its force the anguish which pierces a father's heart when surprised by a child in a flagrant piece of treachery, he was nevertheless humiliated by her style of soul, and made an effort to throw his mask from him.

"Alice," said he suddenly, "I am wrong to act thus with you. You merit my entire confidence, and I wish to lay aside every subterfuge. You know what I wish. Perhaps you even divine why I wish it. Will you baulk my hopes?"

"I will do what I have promised, sir. Nothing more, nothing less."

Vannoy breathed free.

"That will suffice," said he. "Time is a potent remedy for the capricious repugnances of young ladies. For the moment, I ask of you merely not to see Captain Didier."

"I have seen him, sir."

"Ah! and you have talked to him?"

"I have."

"So that this coldness of yours was a part learned by heart; a falsehood!"

"My actions are no more than my words," she said with simplicity. "Reassure yourself, sir. I am determined to keep my promise, and I will keep it, though it should cost me my life. Besides," she added in a low tone, and with a slight blush on her cheek—"my determination is not your sole guarantee. Captain Didier is not in love with me."

"In truth!" cried Vannoy, with a brutal joy. Then without taking heed of the pain which these words struck into her heart, he went on almost immediately. "This is happy news!"

"I agree with you, my father. I believe all is for the best."

Vannoy knew his daughter, and entertained for her a kind of respect. Nevertheless, this resignation seemed to him so extraordinary, that he could hardly believe it.

"You are a paragon of daughters. I could bet that they might travel from Rennes to Nantes without finding your equal. Not a regret! not a complaint! It is scarcely within belief; and this gives me good hope for your husband, when he shall be the master of Tremlays. "Have you spoken of that," continued the master of Tremlays, "since it was determined? I trust, too, that this last interview with Didier will be the last?"

This supposing was the keenest torture to which he had to put Alice. All the pain of her position was present to her mind. She needed the support of the whole of her courage, and was held and nerved with her anger at Didier, who, counting the last hours of this parley, was burning himself under the nose.

"I must wait his return," said she.

Vannoy thought he had not understood her aright.

"His return?" he repeated, mechanically.

"Yes, sir. I have promised the captain to see him again. He made it, I owe it to him; I ask you as a favor to put no obstacle in the way."

"But—" began Vannoy, surprised.

"Do not refuse me," said she, with sudden warmth, "I have never disobeyed you, and God is my witness how much I would suffer in disobeying now."

"So, miss, if I refuse you my consent, you will disobey me?"

Alice nodded in silence.

"Wonderful," said Vannoy, whose surly spite resembled in nothing the dignity of an offended father. "I am at least forewarned. And is it permitted to me to ask what communication is so important as to require a meeting between Miss de Vannoy and Captain Didier?"

"I cannot tell you, sir."

"Better and better. But this is beyond belief. You forget that I can confine you in your own room."

"I hope you will not do so."

"But if I should," cried he, in a thorough passion.

"Sir," said Alice, keeping down her voice with difficulty, "I respect and love you; but for a long time my silence has been deceiving the Marquis; it is for your sake I have been silent; if I spoke—"

She paused, ashamed to have been on the point of threatening; but Vannoy understood; his rage was calmed as if by enchantment. He called upon his countenance accustomed to such quick changes, an expression of coarse gayety.

"You are a wicked child, Alice," said he, kissing her forehead in a blustering way. "You know there is nothing I could refuse you, and you abuse your power which tends rapidly to the tyrannic. Little fool! What I was saying arose from mere curiosity. I wished to find out this mighty secret, but you have conquered me; and I will never encounter you more in word-battles; I will send against you, as a vanguard, if the case should need it, Miss Olive de Vannoy, my worthy sister; and then betake you to your weapons. I advise you—"

"I am glad to hear you speak so, father," was all she replied.

He looked at his watch.

"Eleven o'clock already," murmured he. "Come, my daughter, I leave you, and give you a carte blanche, sure that my confidence will not be abused. Good-bye!"

When Alice was alone, her beautiful face lost its expression of calm haughtiness. A dark discouragement depicted itself in her look. "To meet him again," murmured she, "to subject myself to that commonplace gallantry which he throws to me as a consolation; to read pity in his smile; and not to be able to raise my eyes except to plead the cause of a rival!"

She had descended without knowing it, the inner stairs, and the granite steps before the house. She let herself sink on a bank of turf at the entrance of the garden, and hid her pale face in her hands. She remained so for a long time. When she raised her head, her dry eyes seemed to make an effort to weep. At the end of some minutes, she drew from her bosom a little medal of copper, rude in shape, and adorned in a rustic fashion, which a silk ribbon suspended round her neck under her dress. She kissed it passionately, and a tear at last stole from her eye. "How I love him, oh, my God! how I love him!" she said. Then a beam of enthusiasm shone under her tears, and pressing forcibly the copper medal against her heart, she added: "To meet him again! yes, to suffer; but to save him!"

CHAPTER XXII.

TWO EXCELLENT SERVANTS.

Vannoy had often held with his daughter conversations similar to that just recorded. Alice knew pretty accurately of what importance to her father were the good graces of Bechamell; she had divined that Vannoy had in the vast domains of Treml only a doubtful right of possession. It is needless to say she never abused this knowledge. The character of her parent, which she had sincerely wished not to judge, but whose baseness stood forth before her eyes, had been to her from her earliest youth, a perpetual source of pain. Her earnest spirit, strong and brave, was habituated to sadness; her short love-scenes with Didier had been the only moments of unmingled joy

she had tasted all her life. She saw in the usurpation of her father a danger only, not a crime; for she knew not that this usurpation prejudiced the lawful owner. And in that nobody held a different opinion. Tremi had left no heir. Perhaps if she had never known Didier, she would have sacrificed herself to her father's repose and safety; for her rare nature was susceptible of a devotedness without bounds; but between Didier and Bechamell the contrast was too great. The Marquis, ridiculous and contemptible by turns, inspired her with an invincible repugnance; and there needed the overwhelming interest of her father to keep her from openly rejecting, and at once, the pretensions of that nobleman. Vannoy thought he knew woman, he attacked the heart of Alice on all its vulnerable sides; he had no success, yet he gained time. To-day he would not have had leisure to engage with her in the usual combat, if he had not wished to ward off an imminent danger. The arrival of Didier menaced all his projects; he tried to place his will as a barrier between his daughter and the captain. We have seen the result of his attempt; chance served him better than his eloquence.

Scarcely was the conversation ended, when he thought of preparing the execution of a project, the first idea of which had struck him under the elms, in the company of Bechamell and Didier. Thenceforward, this project occupied his thoughts very powerfully. He had eagerly balanced the chances for and against it during breakfast, and had determined to play this dangerous game. A half hour had passed since he had rejoined his two followers. Master Allan had shaken off his sleepiness, as best he could, and Lapierre was installed, attentive, in a comfortable elbow-chair. Vannoy had spoken long and without interruption. When he had come to an end at last, he interrogated his two servants in regard to the project. Master Allan replied by an equivocal gesture, and Lapierre balanced himself very adroitly on one of the four legs of his chair.

"Have you not understood me?" demanded Vannoy.

"Yes; for my part," said Lapierre, "I have understood."

"I too," added Master Allan.

"And what say you to it?"

The old major-domo had a mighty longing to consult his square bottle, but he dared not. He was tempted to reply; but following his prudent habit, he waited, thinking it would be time enough to speak when Lapierre had given his advice. Lapierre kept balancing himself all the while.

"What say you of it?" repeated Vannoy, frowning. "Do you not comprehend that his death becomes a chance occurrence for which I am not responsible; that suspicion will naturally turn away from me; that it would be silly or wicked to accuse me of such a misfortune."

"Yes," replied the ex-mountebank, "evidently he could not escape. If we were there, I would not give six farthings for his life. But—we are not there—"

"Do you think, then, the allurement of five hundred thousand livres is not enough?"

"They would come for the tenth part of that."

"For the twentieth part," said Master Allan to himself, "I would give my soul to the devil, I who am an old man, and a faithful subject of the King."

"Then, what do you wish to say?" demanded Vannoy of Lapierre.

"It is too risky," said both of them; "it is certain death."

In vain he offered them five thousand livres; then eight thousand; then ten thousand. They were proof to every temptation. They would serve him in everything else, they said, but in this, no! Vannoy, pacing the room, suddenly stopped. He was go longer the same-man. He frowned; his eye was clear and resolute. Every expression of craft had gone.

"It is well," he cried, "I must wait on myself here. Often, at the decisive moment, the weapon breaks in the hand of the soldier. He must then fight body to body, and pay with his own person. Master Allan, prepare my travelling dress and my pistols. Lapierre, saddle my horse."

Master Allan hastened to obey; the other remained, and looked Vannoy in the face with inexpressible astonishment.

"Have I understood you?" he said, after a moment's silence. "Do you think of risking yourself in this most dangerous business?"

"Saddle my horse, I tell you."

"In your place, I would be less hasty. However, this is your look out. If it chances that you return with your head on your shoulders, I admit that the captain is a dead man."

He made a movement as if to go out; but at the threshold he turned.

"You are braver than I took you for," said he again. "The devil ought to protect you—and perhaps—I might be willing—but no— The game is too perilous; and I prefer you should play it rather than I."

Vannoy remained alone. When the two returned to announce to him that all was ready for his departure, he rose and took his way to the court. He mounted the saddle without a word. The ruddiness of his cheek had given place to a frightful pallor. He set off.

When his horse had passed the threshold of the guest gate, Lapierre shook his head, and said ironically:

"A good journey to you!"

"Would you wish to drink his health?" said Master Allan, presenting to him his square bottle.

"Willingly," said the other. "It is within the rules to drink after a battle. I have a weak head, do you see, and if I had embraced your flank too tenderly this morning I might now be where Mr. de Vannoy is—on the straight road to the grave-yard. To his health!"

"Requiescat in pace!" said the major-domo, in a grave tone.

CHAPTER XXIII.

JOURNEY OF JUDE LEKER.

Hervey de Vannoy was not at all a rash man. The exploit he was now to try, and which in reality exposed him to a terrible danger was a blow that was to decide everything. It was a sort of deadly duel in which he staked his life against Didier's. It may be, that blinded by his passionate desire to rid himself of this youth, he concealed from himself a part of the risk; it may be that he reckoned on some means of success of which he made a mystery to his assistants. However this may be, his terror was great; and whoever had met him, trembling and wan on his horse, would never have taken him for a person in quest of adventures.

Long before the hour of his setting out, the old equerry of Nicholas Tremi had left the castle to visit the dwelling of Pelo Rouan. Jude arrived the evening before in Brittany, anxious, but full of hope. At the worst, George Tremi had been perhaps despoiled of his heritage, but Jude had in his hands what would restore it to him.

Meanwhile his inquietude had become anguish; his hope wavered. Of more importance a thousand times to find the child than to lose the coffer of iron. George, living, young, strong, valiant, would have had his sword in his hand, to maintain his quarrel; George, dead or absent, there remained nothing but an empty right. The coffer, that is to say, the immense domain of Tremi, was without legal master, and the devotedness of Jude, that submissive love, patient, full of self-denial, which twenty years' exile had not been able to tame, was without an object. He had still, however, the love of vengeance, that supreme motive of those who have no hope. But Jude was aged. His loyal nature suited love better than hate. Vengeance, which has so many attractions for some souls, appeared to him but a useless and sad compensation.

"I will search," he said, while tracing out his road in the well-known paths of the forest; "I will search long; always. If I find proof of his death, and I pray God to spare my old age that sorrow, I will go to his assassin, and I will slay him, in the name of Nicholas Tremi."

He could not take a step in these paths tortuous and sombre, so many a time traversed, without meeting a recollection. By this path it was that the old lord of Tremlays had been wont to ride on horseback when he betook him with his grandson to his good manor of Bouexis; it was at yonder turning that Job, magnificent and faithful animal, had torn down a famished wolf after an heroic combat; this path way, piercing through the copse, and so narrow that a stag could scarcely pass, led straight to the pond of Tremlays—that pond which perhaps was the tomb of the last Tremi. The heart of Jude clove asunder; his dry eyes burned with tears that came continually in spite of him.

In the old days, Jude remembered, one saw ever and again under the shade, the smoking roofs of the makers of wooden shoes, and of the charcoal burners; now, nothing! The cabins were there, some still standing, others half in ruins; but the greater part seemed deserted. Instead of the incessant sound of the chisel and of the plane, which the joyous songs of the workmen accompanied, silence, a uniform silence on every side! What scourge had passed over the forest of Rennes? What pest had depeopled these clearings, and thrown this look of death into these places once so full of movement and of life?

Jude went went on his way, sadder and more desolate than these windings, so desolate and so sad. He signed himself with the cross, through old custom, before those crosses at the crossways, on which hung no more the devout offerings of the faithful. He uttered some well known names as he passed near certain of the abandoned huts; but no voice made reply to him. At times, a human form showed itself at the turn of a road, but it forthwith disappeared like a lightning flash, and Jude, an old huntsman accustomed to the creatures of the forest, guessed from the imperceptible agitation of the low leaves of the thickets, that the solitude was not so complete in reality as in appearance, and that more than one look was turned on him from behind these thick walls of verdure. When he approached the cross of Mid-Forest, which, as its name indicates, marks nearly the centre of the wood, the scenery changed and became, if possible, more desolate still. At this point, all the routes of main communication that traverse the forest cross each other. The clearings there are more abundant than anywhere else, and the neighborhood of so many roads had assembled in the environs a multitude of industrious foresters. All along the large and beautiful alleys which cut each other like the cross rays of a star, at the foot of the cross, one saw in the old times a border of lodges covered with thatch, where wrought the coopers, the basket-makers, the makers of wooden shoes. Jude found these lodges burned down for the most part; those which here and there remained standing, were laid waste, bearing traces, not doubtful, of ravages wrought by the hand of man. Jude stopped before these rustic ruins, and recalled the remembrances of the past. In the time when Tremi was seignor of the country, all these lodges were inhabited, all their inhabitants were happy.

"The French have been here," said the old equerry. "Under pretext of imposts, they have demanded the purse or the life, and the men of the Forest have no purse."

Jude guessed aright. These ruins were the work of the agents of the exchequer, seconded, it must be admitted, by some gentlemen of the country about Rennes, among whom Hervey de Vannoy placed himself in the first rank. Mr. de Pontchartrain, first Comptroller Royal, and after him the Marquis of Nointel having formed, as the custom was, the Breton Imposts, had an evident interest in letting no part of the country avail itself of any exemption that was founded merely on old use and wont. They wished to force the people of the forest to pay their share of the taxes, and recoiled from no extremity to reach their end. This it was that Jude called demanding the purse or the life. As to the gentlemen, their interest was different, but equally manifest—The men of the forest, scattered over the different domains which formed the greater part of this immense district, claimed rights of custom, and refused to the lords of the soil many a heavy call on their toil. Whilst Nicholas Tremi lived, as he possessed as many, nay, more possessions than all the other gentlemen put together, these last modelled themselves on him. Now Tremi was a true seignor, gentle to the weak, rough with the strong; and more disposed to give alms to his poor neighbors than to dispute with them the paltry support of their lives. When he left the country, Vannoy took his place, and showed his niggardliness in all those dealings in which his predecessor had displayed the generosity of a gentleman. The proprietors around, authorized by this example, did the same, and there was soon on all sides a system of attack and of compression against the unhappy inhabitants of the Forest. On one side, the exchequer; on another, the proprietors. The former snatched away their poor savings; the latter carried off every means of living. The people of the Forest resembled the wild boar rather than the hare; nevertheless, at the first moment, tracked, pursued into all parts, they sought their safety only in flight, and concealed themselves in the depth of unknown retreats which were then numerous. But their wild and warlike disposition bore these puillanimous tactics impatiently; to fight, they had but to act in concert. At the first summons they rose. The deep thickets poured forth unexpectedly this savage population, and it went ill with the agents of the exchequer and with the greedy proprietors who had roused this tempest. Many a dead body strewed the moss under the tall trees; many bones whitened under the shade; and in the dark nights more than one gentleman's mansion, attacked suddenly, paid the penalty of the cupidity of its master. Then poured in on them the soldiers of Rennes and of all the surrounding towns; but in proportion as the attack grew obstinate, the resistance became better organized, and more powerful. It became evident that the insurgents, (for their number and their grievances forbade giving them the name of bandits,) had a chief skillful and resolute, whose orders, whatever they were, were obeyed with a blind submission. The moment came when defence, conducted with a wonderful agreement, passed into attack. The parts changed. The oppressed became the aggressors; and in open day, five thousand peasants, with wooden shoes on their feet, their visages covered with odd masks, made an irruption into Rennes itself, and pillaged the palace of the Royal Lieutenant.

From that moment terror ranged itself on their side. The insurrection acquired that prestige which is in every enterprise the first guage of success. People surrounded the chief of the rebels with a mysterious halo; everybody had some miraculous exploit to ascribe to him. The men of the Forest became popular twenty leagues around. They had their genealogy; and sages undertook to affiliate them, by incontestible historic ties, to the famous political society, the Breton Brothers, who in the middle of the preceding century had failed in delivering Brittany from the domination of France. From the commencement of the rising, the principal conspirators were united in a secret society, under the orders of that chief who was soon to render himself so formidable. Even then the people of the Forest were the natural partisans of this association; but nothing was organized, and the members had everything to fear. It was this danger, no doubt, which inspired them with the idea of surrounding their actions with an absolute mystery, and of never quitting their retreats without having their visages covered with a mask. This mask was simply a fragment of wolf-skin. Thence the name given them at first as a contemptuous nickname, and which, a few months later, was uttered with terror in all the country of Rennes.

Things went on thus for fifteen years, with alternations of success and of reverses on the part of the Wolves, but without the Government troops ever crushing the centre of their operations. For a considerable time, the gentlemen of the neighborhood had concluded with the forest a kind of tacit truce, and the Comptroller Royal, discouraged, had, for the same time, discontinued his efforts. But Bechamell, six months before the epoch to which our history has come, had taken up the unlucky idea of recommencing hostilities. The explosion was terrible. Almost all the huts were deserted the same day. Charcoalmen, coopers, basket-makers, &c., assembled, and ran to their permanent retreat, the central core of their secret society. There they found, as usual, chiefs and arms; the next day, the revolt was anew at the gates of Rennes; the day after, the town-house of the Royal Comptroller was pillaged. The King's troops, by way of reprisal, demolished or burned down the cabins that bordered the great alleys; but this was labor lost. The Wolves knew how to find an asylum elsewhere; they learned, too, how to indemnify themselves largely for the losses they had sustained.

Next to the Comptroller, it was Hervey de Vannoy whom they hated. He had in vain made a secret of his extreme hatred of the Wolves, who at different times, had cruelly maltreated his domains. He had in vain concealed his recommending rigor to the pacific Bechamell—for every time when behind the screen he had suggested some measure prejudicial to the wolves, they immediately avenged themselves on him. People said, so quickly did chastisement follow each offence, that the chief of the Wolves had spies in Tremlays castle. Vannoy recently had given the advice that to destroy the insurrection at its root, the Wolf Den should be stormed; and forthwith, nay within twenty-four hours after, his manor of Bouexis had been devastated through its whole extent. In fine, the Wolves had no more deadly foe than Hervey de Vannoy, and they gave him back hatred for hatred.

It was eight in the morning when Jude arrived in sight of the cross of Mid-Forest. This place was held in great veneration in all that country, and the good folks around had especially a devotion in some sort patriotic for a little Madonna whose niche was cut out in the wood of the Cross. It was before this Virgin, known, like the cross, under the name of our Lady of Mid-Forest, that Nicholas Tremi had said his last prayer on quitting the land of Brittany, which he was doomed to see no more. Jude dismounted before the rustic monument, knelt and prayed. Some minutes after, he perceived through the thick branches of a grove of beechtrees, the smoke of Pelo Rouan's roof.

The cottage of Pelo was concealed in the centre of this grove, and rose with its back to a little knoll covered with furze, where he had dug out his kiln for charcoal making. The aspect of the place was wild but smiling; and a little garden, all filled with flowers as if it had been a basket, gave the cottage an air of calm and of plenty. The garden was Marie's domain; it was she who planted and watered its flowers. At the moment when Jude passed the last trees, Marie, seated on the door-steps, was plaiting with an inattentive look, a basket of honeysuckle. Her mind was not on her work, but her little fingers, white, rosy, slender, were bending so dexterously the flexible and perfumed branches, that the work did not suffer from the preoccupation of her thoughts. While plaiting, she sang; but it was not her song that filled her soul. Her voice clear and fresh broke forth by fits and starts; the melody would pause quickly; then would suddenly come again; sometimes melancholy and slow; sometimes lively and joyous: always charming.

What engaged Bloom-Blossom, while she thus wrought, alone, on the door-steps, was Didier. She thought of her happiness the evening before. She had seen him once more; him she had waited for so long; she had seen him again, more beautiful than ever; more tender than ever; so tender and so beautiful that the dreams of expectation and of absence were surpassed. She was happy, and greedily enjoyed her felicity; she wished to lose no part of it, and chased carefully away every thought of doubt and of fear. Why doubt? Why fear? Was he not as noble and lofty in heart as in mein? Had he ever deceived her? And he had said: "I love you!" He had said it with his mouth, with his eyes, with his soul. Thus her song was a kind of prayer, a hymn of thanks that exhaled from her soul like a perfume, and rose, sweet and soft, to Heaven.

She had thrown this morning a sort of coquetry into her dress. Azure petals of autumn flowers showed themselves here and there among the gold, pale and flowing, of her hair; she had laced, with silk ribbons, the bright corsage of the forest girls; and her little wooden shoes, resembling the crystal slippers spoken of in fairy tales, rendered the more remarkable the pretty delicacy of her foot; but her adorning, after all, lay not so much in her rural ornaments as in the angelic gladness that beamed on her brow. The gaze of those large blue eyes, thankful and devout, went up to God with her song. She was thus all lovely, all worthy of the graceful name that had been found for her by the posey of the thatched cottages, for she had the bloom, the freshness, and the odorousness of the flowers.

Jude saw her, and a paternal smile came to the lip of the old soldier. When Marie noticed him in her turn, she blushed, frightened, and would have hastened away, but the trustworthy look of Jude reassured her. She rose, and paid him that reverence which is the due of an old man.

"My pretty girl," said the equerry, advancing, "I seek the abode of Pelo Rouan."

"He is my father," replied Broom-Blossom.

"God has given him a sweet and lovely daughter, my pretty maid. If he is in the house, I will go in to talk with him." Jude suited the action to the word, and put his foot on the threshold; but Broom-Blossom quickly barred the passage.

"They do not come so," said she sweetly, "into the house of Pelo Rouan. I may say to you, stay here and rest yourself. But no one passes the threshold of our poor dwelling: such is my father's order."

"But—" Jude wished to insist.

"Such is my father's order," said Marie resolutely.

The honest equerry had motives too urgent for interrogating Pelo Rouan to listen to such a refusal. On her side, Broom-Blossom, when she enacted the part of a police captain, executed to the letter the watchword of her parent, and shut the door against all comers In doing so, she had all the air of wishing to defend the breach obstinately. Happily things did not go to that hero-comic extremity; for at that moment a voice made itself heard from the very depth of the cottage; "Child," it cried, "look well at this man's figure, so that you may know him again, and never refuse him an entrance into your father's home." Broom-Blossom stood aside. Jude, astounded, remained immovable and hesitated to enter. "Approach, Jude Leker," the voice continued. "You are welcome, good servant of Tremi. I will for you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH,
1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MR. CALEB COPE, *Treasurer*,
N. E. Corner Sixth and Minor St., Phila.

Sub-Committee on Correspondence.

Mrs. M. B. GRIER, *Ch'm'n.*
Mrs. B. H. MOORE, *Cor. Sec.*
Mrs. GEORGE PLITT, *Rec. Sec.*
Mrs. W. H. FURNESS.
Mrs. LATHROP.
Miss M. M. DUANE.
} Ex-Officio.

Over three thousand dollars have been subscribed this week in this city for the relief of the Richmond prisoners.

Another letter from Gen. Neal Dow announces the arrival and distribution of the second invoice of supplies sent by the Sanitary Commission to Libby Prison; and asks for more. The articles which he requests were sent off some days ago.

Dr. Douglass, writing from Washington, says:—"We shall hereafter have stores of food and clothing on each flag of truce boat, with an agent to distribute them."

Mr. Gali, agent of the Sanitary Commission, writes from Norfolk, under date of Nov. 21, concerning the supplies forwarded by this branch last week. "I saw that they were safely delivered into the hands of the rebel agents; everything being conducted in a perfectly business like manner; bills of lading compared, and the articles checked as they were transferred from the Union to the rebel boat. The rebel agent gave me the fullest assurance that everything sent would be scrupulously applied to the purposes intended. In regard to your question as to what is most required, I would say that everything in the shape of food is needed by our men. Clothing also will be very acceptable. Divide the food into two classes. Substantial food and delicacies. Label the former 'Libby Prison' or 'Belle Island;' and the latter 'Hospital for prisoners, Richmond, Va.' Send duplicate invoices, two to Brig. Gen. Meredith at Fortress Monroe, and one to me at Norfolk. I will then be able to see that everything goes off safely.

"Yours very truly,

"JAMES GALL, Jr."

We copy the following from the Harrisburg Telegraph as appropriate to the time. It is a portion of an appeal made by our associate manager, in Dauphin county. May it find a ready response, wherever it is read.

Within the last week two invoices, consisting of concentrated beef soup, condensed milk, farina, corn starch, pickles, chocolate, coffee, &c., have been sent to Union prisoners at Richmond, by the Sanitary Commission. They propose to send weekly instalments, if they find that the articles reach their destination. It is certain that a work like this cannot be carried on without means and money. Will not the various Aid Societies in Dauphin county arouse their flagging energies, and come promptly to the help of our suffering heroes? Shall not every township be represented by its box of home comforts? Cannot every house wife spare at least one blanket or quilt from her stores of bedding, and one jar of pickles and jelly from her pantry? Cannot every girl whose nimble fingers fill for hours between the crochet needle and masses of soft wool, consecrate a day by the making and giving of one shirt? Cannot our Union-loving farmers, whose summer harvests are fast crowding their cellars and granaries, give generously and gladly for the relief of Union defenders? They surely need but to *know* their duty to *do* it with heartiness. The contribution some market morning (at an early date) of one-fourth of the produce they have brought to sell, such as potatoes, turnips, eggs, etc., left in the hands of a responsible citizen, and by him forwarded to Women's Pennsylvania Branch, 1307 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, would be an act of mercy which would give to their coming Thanksgiving feast its richest spice. All donations for the use of the Sanitary Commission should be directed as above stated. The freight upon them will be paid at the depot of the Commission as soon as the goods are received.

ASSISTANT MANAGER FOR DAUPHIN CO.

This article, from the Wellsboro' Agitator, we also commend to the notice of our Auxiliary Societies. The suggestions are worthy of being carried out in every township of our State.

EDITOR AGITATOR.—Dear Sir: Will you permit me, through your columns, to offer a few suggestions in behalf of the Sanitary Commission, to whose supplies of stores for our sick and wounded soldiers, it rests upon the loyal men and women of the land to provide. And, Mr. Editor, can you not induce the stay-at-home men of our county to take a little more interest in this matter? There are some noble exceptions to be sure, as a general rule, the men are more dead weights in this undertaking, instead of assisting with their counsel and aid the labors of their female friends. If asked to contribute something beyond ridicule and grumbling, they either refuse outright, or give so ungraciously, that a refusal would not be more painful. And the continual taunt, that our labor goes for nothing, and never reaches those for whom it is intended, is retorted by men who might know better, if they would only take the trouble to inform themselves. Of course, though we style our societies "Ladies' Aids," we look to our fathers, husbands, brothers, and friends, for material "aid and comfort," in this as in all our laudable undertakings, and our efforts are apt to languish, if these are withheld. (This by way of episode, and now to return.)

The varieties of dried fruit are in much demand in hospitals, and this being the season for drying apples, I would respectfully urge upon all in Tioga county who have orchards, (and surely their name is legion,) to prepare a quantity, *expressly for the soldiers.*

A very pleasant arrangement would be to make "a paring bee," (as some did last Autumn,) for the sole object in each case. Or, if more convenient, let each family set apart an evening each week, for the same purpose, when the willing hearts and nimble fingers of parents and children shall be employed for the poor soldiers, and the young shall learn, what no one can learn too early, that *it is more blessed to give than to receive.* There are Aid Societies in most of our villages, which will gladly take charge of the dried fruit, and forward it to the Women's Pa. Branch of the Sanitary Commission, from whom, there may be as sure as man can be of anything on earth, that it will reach the soldiers.

This is also the season for preparing sour-crout, and pickling cabbage, whilst with onions, are invaluable as anti-scorbutics."

Let each person contribute a few pints; they are greatly longed for by the invalids, and are almost essential to good soup.—There is also butter. Let a small pot be sent from each family, or a firkin contributed by several neighbors. And eggs; why can we not send several barrels of them, so plenty and cheap with us, so scarce and dear in the army. There are also cheese, and honey, and apples, apple-butter—all in season now.

What a wealth of luxuries God has given us! and what a privilege it is to share them with those noble men, who, perilling life and limb in defence of their country, have fallen from the ranks, by wound or sickness, and now think often with keen longing of their father's house, where was always enough and to spare, and more inviting to feeble appetites, than the strong food they relished in camp and on the march.

Government labors untiringly for the comfort of the soldiers; but it is pleasant to think that we, too, can do something to alleviate their sufferings, and thus testify our love for them, and for our country. And looking back in after days, whatever may be the fate of this beloved land, we shall rejoice to remember that we did what we could to aid in this hour of grief and peril, and our one regret will be that we could do no more.

S. E MORRIS,
Associate Manager for E. Section of Tioga county.

Mansefield, Oct. 17.

DONATIONS.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, Nov. 23d, 1863.

The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street, acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Soldiers' Aid, Mansfield, Tioga co., 3 bbls, 8. M. Morris; Colesburg Sunday-School, Potter co., 1 box; Archer & Reeves, 1 keg pickled cabbage; Soldiers' Aid, Montrose, Susquehanna co., 1 bbl, 1 keg; Miss Buckman; A Friend, preserves; Mrs. A. Brown, 1 pkg.; Miss Jackson, socks; Mrs. Charles Harkness, 1 pkg.; School Lane Circle, clothing, Mrs. Wm. P. Johnson; Ladies' Aid, Reading, Berks co., 2 boxes, Miss Grier; Ladies' Aid, Newark, Del., 5 boxes, 1 bbl., for Richmond prisoners; a Friend, Soldiers' Aid, Forest Lake, Susquehanna co., 1 box, M. J. Wright; Ladies' Aid, Milton, Northumberland co., 2 boxes, Miss Stoughton, Sec'y; Ladies' Aid, Sunbury, Northumberland co., 1 box, 1 bbl, 1 keg; E. Donald, Sec'y; Ladies' Aid, Reading, Berks co., 1 bbl, 1 keg pickles, Miss Grier, Sec'y; Women's Contributing Aid, 1 keg; Miss Rivers, Sec'y, Mrs. Henry Bower, 6 lbs. extract beef, for Richmond prisoners; Aid Society, Clifford, Susquehanna co., 1 bbl; Ladies' Aid, Reading, Berks co., 2 boxes; Mrs. Grier, Sec'y; Women's Contributing Aid, 1 pkg.; Tredyffrin Ladies' Aid, Eagle P. O., Chester co., 1 pkg.; Church of the Holy Trinity, 4 pkgs.; Roxborough Ladies' Aid, 1 pkg., Miss Conover; Ladies' Aid, Reading, Berks co., 1 box; Mrs. Ashhurst, 1 pkg.; Central Aid Society, 1 pkg., for Richmond prisoners; Archer & Reeves, 6 boxes, containing 24 cans peaches, 24 do. jelly, 12 do. cranberry sauce, 12 do. tomato catsup, 48 do. sea moss; Ladies' Aid, McConnellsburg, Fulton co., 3 boxes; Ladies Aid, Wilkesburg, Montgomery co., 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Hillsgrow, Sullivan co., 1 box; Ladies' Aid, La Rayville, Bradford co., 3 boxes, Mrs. H. N. Brinkerhoff, Sec'y; Ladies' Aid, Hillsgrove, Sullivan co., 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Le Rays

CURIOSITIES OF FASHION.

It is a question, I think, whether the fashion influences the age, or the age moulds and shapes the fashion; but it is obvious that there exists a subtle relationship between them. A high-bred courtesy, a certain elevation of manner, a loftiness of language, and even a refinement of thought, seem naturally to associate themselves with the rich and stately costume of the men of the seventeenth century. Look at the Cavaliers in the glorious pictures of Vandyck; who can believe that from the lips of such be-ruffled and be-plumed gentlemen ever dropped any coarse ribaldry or vulgar slang? Those grave and potent seigniors who glow on the splendid canvas of Titian—can you believe them capable of the deeds in which delighted the buckskin-breeches and cocked hats of our Maccaronies and Mohawks in the days of the second George? When I look upon the sweet faces and noble women of Vandyck, and compare them with the bare-bosomed beauties of Leily, I trace in the distinction of costume and fashion the difference of morals and taste, and the wide gulf between the pure household reign of the life of Charles I. and the social abandonment of that of Charles II. Morals and manners keep pace with the changes of costume, and are indicated by them. It is quite in accordance with the philosophy of fashion that the society which countenances "pretty horsebreakers," and disguises things vicious with pleasant periphrases of language, should distinguish itself by patronising huge crinoline monstrosities, contrived to expose, and yet encumber, the female figure. It may be that there was as much vice in the times of old, but it was a more decorous vice; and the Doll Tearsheet of Falstaff did not "set the fashion" for the wives of Percy and Mortimer.—*From "London Society" for September.*

☞ A clerk in the Dead Letter Office of an inquiring mind, was curious to find out how many letters were written without postscripts. One day last week he found that out of 6,853 letters written by females, only 375 were without postscripts. Some of the other letters contained three postscripts.

☞ A man named Weed, working on the banks of the Susquehanna, lately fell off a tree and was caught by the head between the fork of two branches, where, being unable to help himself, he hung until he was dead.

☞ The convicted gambler in Richmond is to receive forty-nine lashes at the whipping-post.

☞ Six thousand coffee plants are growing in Smith's Gardens, near Sacramento.—They stand the winter in this climate. The state gives $1,000 for the first 150 pounds of coffee raised in California.

☞ There are 8,000 teams connected with the Army of the Potomac. If placed in a single line they would extend over sixty miles.

☞ Five school-boys got into a freight car, standing on a track in Cambridge, Mass., to play. The conductor came along, and not knowing they were there, closed the doors, and attached the car to the train. They reached Rouse's Point before they could make themselves heard, and then were almost starved. They reached home after an absence of a week.

☞ A physician examining a student as to his progress, asked him:—"Should a man fall into a well forty feet deep, and strike his head against one of the tools with which he had been digging, what would be your course if called in as a surgeon?" The student replied:—"I should advise them to let the man lie, and fill up the well."

☞ The largest reflecting telescope in America has recently been perfected by Dr. Henry Draper, after five years continued labor. It is of sixteen inch aperture, and thirteen feet focal length. With it a photographic picture of the moon has been taken on a scale of only seventy miles to the inch—showing distinctly the immense ranges of volcanic mountains, and in one place what are supposed to be streams of lava, extending over eight inches on the picture—equivalent to an actual extent of nearly six hundred miles of active volcanic operations. This indicates that our "silver moon" is not so calm and quiet a satellite as she appears to lovers and lunatics.

☞ Boswell complained to Johnson that the noise of the company the day before had made his head ache. "No, sir, it was not the noise that made your head ache. It was the sense we put in it," said Johnson. "Has sense that effect upon the head?" inquired Boswell. "Yes, sir," was the reply, "on heads that are not used to it."

TEARS OF SYMPATHY.

If there are a class of persons deserving the sympathy and pity of the sound in health, it is the poor disabled victim of Scrofulous Ulcers, Chronic Sores, whose bodies are so disfigured with eruptive diseases as to forbid their seeking the society of their friends. To all such a cure is provided in Dr. Radway's Cleansing Syrup, called RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT. One to six bottles of this Marvellous Remedy will cure the worst cases. Let those afflicted with Chronic Sores, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Sore Heads, Sore Legs, Scrofula, and all Skin Diseases, use this remedy. In a few weeks they will be enabled to mingle in society, cured. Price one dollar per bottle.

RADWAY & Co., 87 Malden Lane, New York.
"Sold by Druggists."

☞ At Detour, at the mouth of St. Mary's river, there resides an old man—aged about 90 years—who is the husband of 17 wives, and the father of 70 children, about 40 of whom reside in the vicinity! He is an old trapper and hunter, and his helpmates were squaws.

GREAT HAIR RESTORED WITHOUT DYEING.
Baldness Prevented.
Baldness Prevented.
London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing.
London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing.
This discovery for the preservation of the human hair is taking the lead of all hair preparations; besides restoring the color and making the hair grow on bald heads, it is a beautiful dressing, keeps the hair soft, smooth and flexible, removes any eruptive disease, itching, scurf, dandruff, &c. Many who are bald and gray have had their hair permanently restored. Only one dollar per bottle. Single bottles, 50 cents; six bottles, $2,50. Sold, wholesale and retail, by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, No. 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. nov7-3m

ALL THE WORLD TAKE NOTICE,
IN
THAT
THE GREATEST KNOWN REMEDY FOR
Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Weak Breast, all Pulmonary Complaints.
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.
A trial of many years has proved to the world that this remedy is more efficacious in curing all these diseases of lung complaints than any hitherto known to mankind. It gives tone and strength to the stomach, and for the aged and debilitated it acts as a strengthening alterative. In Hemorrhage from the Lungs "Swayne's Wild Cherry" is the most safe and prompt styptic in use. In Phthisis, known by emaciation, debility, cough, hectic fever and purulent expectoration, it is, without exception, the best medicine extant, oftentimes curing the most obstinate cases, which had baffled every expedient of human skill. Prepared only by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth St., Philadelphia. Sold by druggists and dealers.
nov7-8m

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour has been unsettled and dull; about 6000 bbls at 25,50@6,25 for common and good superfine; $6,50@7 for extras, and $7@8 for old stock and fresh ground extra family, the latter for Ohio. Rye Flour continues scarce, with further small receipts and sales at $6,50 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is better; Penna is held at $6, and Brandywine at $6,25 ₱ bbl. Buckwheat Meal is selling at $2,50 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN has been in good demand; about 35,000 bus Wheat have been disposed of for milling at $1,62 to 1,70 for fair to good and choice reds—the latter for amber Southern, and $1,75 to 2,10 for Penna and Kentucky white. Rye is scarce at $1,25@1,30. Corn is better, and some 30,000 bus found buyers at $1,15@1,16 for yellow, and $1,18@1,20 for white. Oats are unchanged, and 35,000 bus have been taken at 85@87c. Barley and Malt are quiet, and prices about the same.

PROVISIONS.—The market for the Hog product has been excited; old Mess Pork is worth $17@17½ ₱ bbl. Beef is quiet at $12@16 for Western and City Mess. Bacon—Sales of Shoulders at 7¼@7½c, and Sides at 8½c. Green Meats are scarce and high; sales of Hams, in pickle, at 11@11½c. Lard is better, and about 1000 bbls and tierces have been sold at 12½@13½c, cash. Eggs are worth 13@13½c. Butter is less active, but quoted at 18@28c for common to choice Pennsylvania and Ohio, and 25@31c for New York. Cheese is quiet at 12@16c, the latter for choice dairies. Eggs are selling at 25@26c ₱ doz.

COTTON.—The market is unsettled and 3@4c lower; about 250 bales have been disposed of at 80 to 88c for Middling and good Middling quality, cash.

ASHES.—The demand is limited, but the market for both kinds is firm at fully former rates.

BARK comes in slowly, and sales of about 100 hhds Quercitron are reported at $37 for No 1. Tanners' Bark is scarce and high.

BEESWAX—Good Yellow is worth 46@47c ₱ lb.

COAL is arriving more freely, and the market is unsettled and rather lower.

COFFEE—The market is firm; sales limited to some 500 bags, in small lots, at 32@34c for Rio, and 36@37c for Laguayra, cash and 4 mos.

COPPER is firm but quiet. Yellow Metal is better, sheets selling at 34c, and bolts at 35c, on time.

FEATHERS continues scarce and high, sales at 60@62c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—The sales are confined to Green Apples, at $3,50@5,50, and Cranberries at $9@11 ₱ bbl. Dried Fruit comes in slowly. Apples command 6@8c, and Unpeared Peaches 7@13c ₱ lb.

HAY is better at $25@27 ₱ ton.

HEMP—The stock is nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers, and we hear of no sales to alter quotations.

HOPS move off as wanted at 26@30c for Eastern and Western.

IRON continues in demand at the advance. We quote Anthracite No 1 at $42; No 2 at $40, and No 3 at $38, cash. Scotch Pig is scarce. The last sales were at $43,50 ₱ ton. For Manufactured the demand is good.

LEAD is better; 2000 pigs Galena sold to come here from New York at $0,07½ the 100 lbs, cash.

LUMBER—The receipts and stocks are light, and no attempt to put the Novel Lumber rules, and $23@24 for Yellow Pine Boards; White Pine Shingles range at $19@21, and Eastern Laths at $2,25@2,50 ₱ M.

MACKEREL is quiet, the sales are confined to small lots Cuba and New Orleans at previous rates.

PLASTER—Sales limited at $4,50@4,62½ ₱ ton.

RICE—Rangoon is firm but quiet at 7¾@7¾c ₱ lb.

SEEDS—Clover comes in slowly, and finds ready sale at $7@7¼ ₱ bus, the latter for prime. Timothy is quiet at $3¼ ₱ bus. Flaxseed is excited and on the advance, large sales having been made at $3,05@3,20 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are held for higher prices. N E Rum is better, and quoted at 78@80c. Whiskey has advanced considerably; bbls having been taken freely at 70@75c, and Drudge at 68@72c.

SUGARS—A few small lots of Cuba have found buyers at 12½@12¾c, and Porto Rico at 14½@14¾c, on time.

TALLOW—The market is firm, and some 200,000 lbs have been disposed of at 12@12¼c for rendered.

TOBACCO—There is very little doing and the demand is small, both for Leaf and Manufactured.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2500 head. The prices realized were from 5 to 10½ cts ₱ lb. 115 Cows brought from 918 to 32 ₱ head. 3000 Sheep were sold at from 5 to 5¾c ₱ lb gross. 770 Hogs brought from $7,50 to 7,75 ₱ cwt net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 31st of May last, by the Rev. Wm. T. Eva, Mr. JAMES M. ROYAL, to Miss EMMA J. HEYL, both of this city.

On the 8th of Nov. by the Rev. Mr. Alday, Mr. WILLIAM PALMER, to Miss INGOMETA, daughter of JOHN BUCKENBACH, Esq. both of this city.

On the 12th of Nov. by the Rev. W. J. Hann, Mr. FREDERICK EISMANN, to Miss CATHARINE E. NICHOLAS, both of this city.

On the 12th of Nov. by the Rev. W. O. Johnstone, Mr. SAMUEL PATTERSON, to MARGARET, daughter of Mr. Geo. Dickson.

On the 19th of Nov. by the Rev. J. B. Dales, D. D., WILLIAM H. H. ROBERTS, to Miss MARTHA, daughter of Matthew Fife, both of this city.

On the 10th of Nov., 1863, by the Rev. W. Barline, D. D., Rev. J. M. HIBSON, of the Phila. Annual Conference, to Miss MARY A. FRAME, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Chattanooga, October 5th, Lieut. E. L. TUCKER, of the 6th Michigan Cavalry.

Another hero has fallen! This brave and gallant officer received the wound which caused his death while at the head of his command boldly battling for his afflicted country. Lieut. Tucker was an accomplished physician, a resident of Macon, Mich., where he leaves a wife and three young children to mourn his loss.—*Detroit Free Press.*

On the 23d of Nov. near Camden, N. J., BENJAMIN W. COOPER, in his 59th year.

On the 23d of Nov. Miss SARAH L. FLICKWIR.

On the 23d of Nov. DAVID W. JAYNE, eldest son of Dr. David Jayne, in his 37th year.

On the 24th of Nov. WILLIAM A. HARVEY, in his 87th year.

On the 22d of Nov. Miss KATE, daughter of Catharine and the late Robt. Blackman, aged 25 years.

On the 23d of Nov. CHARLES A. HILL, in his 50th year.

On the 21st of Nov. SARAH, widow of the late Thos. M. Carpenter, in her 40th year.

On the 21st of Nov. Mrs. MARY BURLING, aged 57 years.

On the 20th of Nov. Mrs. ELIZABETH BAKER, aged 64 years.

On the 19th of Nov. SUSAN C, wife of Dr. J. M. Dallam, in her 24th year.

On the 23d of Nov. HENRIETTA, wife of John Haines, in her 38th year.

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Wit and Humor.

A BACKWARD COW RIDE.

During the Revolutionary War, when a corps of the American army was encamped near the borough of Elizabethtown, New Jersey, an officer, who by the way, was more of a devotee of Venus than of Mars, paid his addresses to a lady of distinction, whom he was in the habit of visiting nightly. On a discovery of the repeated absence of the officer, and of the place where interviews with his Dulcinea were had, some waggish friends resolved to play off a handsome trick at his expense, which should deter him from a repetition of his visits.

The officer, it appears, rode a very small horse of the pony kind, which he left untied with the bridle reins over his neck, near the door, in order to mount and ride off without delay, when the business of courting and kissing was over, and the horse always remained until backed by the owner, without attempting to change his position. On a certain dark and gloomy night, when the officer had, as usual, gone to pay his devotions to the object of his dearest affections, and was enjoying the approving smiles of the lovely fair one, his waggish companions went privately to the door of the house where the officer was, took his bridle and saddle from the horse, which they sent away, placed the bridle on the tail and the saddle on the back, and the crupper over the horns of a quiet old cow, who stood peaceably chewing her cud, near the spot. Immediately thereafter they retired some distance from the house, and separating, raised the loud cry of alarm, that the enemy had landed and were marching into the village.

Our hero, on hearing this, took counsel from his fears, and snatching a hasty kiss, he shot out of the door with the velocity of a musket ball, and mounted into the saddle, with his back toward the head of the cow, and plunging his sharp spurs keenly into her sides, caused her to bawl out with excessive pain, and she darted in her best gallop towards the camp. The officer still plying his spurs with all his wine on board—finding himself hurried rapidly backwards, meagre of all his efforts to advance, and hearing the repeated bawlings of the tortured beast, imagined that he was carried off by magic, and roaring out most lustily that the devil had got him—was thus carried into the very centre of the camp.

The sentinels hearing the noise, discharged their pieces and fled, and alarm guns were fired—the drums beat to arms, the officers left their quarters and cried "turn out," with all the strength of their lungs. The soldiers started from their sleep as if a ghost had disturbed their dreams, and the whole body running half naked as quick as possible in gallant *dishabille*, prepared to repel the terrible invader. When, lo! the ludicrous sight soon presented itself to their eyes, of the gallant officer, mounted on a cow, with his face towards her tail—her tongue hanging out—her sides gory with the gouging of the spurs, and he himself almost deprived of reason, and half petrified with horror.

A loud roar of laughter burst from the assembled band, at the rider and his steed; the whole corps gave him three times three cheers as he bolted into camp.

He was carried to his quarters in triumph, there to dream of lovers, metamorphoses, backward rides, sternway advances, and alarm of invasion, and thereby garnish his mind with materials for writing a splendid treatise on the novel adventure of a cow ride.

THE REASON.—While at Berryville, Virginia, writes an army correspondent, we established our lines, and all persons residing within them, and wishing to go beyond them, were required to take the oath of allegiance. An intelligent "contraband" wishing to go through, on learning the requisition, very innocently asked,

"What is the oath?"

"You must swear to support the Constitution," replied the marshal.

"Why," said Sam, "I can't hardly support the old woman, times is so dreffal hard."

The marshal let him pass.

WHAT HE THOUGHT OF IT.—Tom is a bright little boy, and very much attached to his mother. The other day his father came home in a bad humor, and was scolding and finding fault with things generally. Little Tom sat and listened until he thought it necessary to interfere in behalf of his mother, when, looking up to his father, he said in a very decided tone,

"If you did not like her ways, what did you marry her for?"

We need scarcely add that the weather cleared up at once, and the storm was over.

THE DIFFERENCE.—A Quaker came before two judges at an assize as a witness, when he made frequent use of the words *size* and *thereize*.

"Friend, man," cried one of their lordships, "why do you vary those words so often? have not they both the same significance?"

"No, truly," said the Quaker, "their meaning is very different; as, for example, Sergeant Bettesworth is a Judge upon this bench, thou art one *size*, but not *like-size*."

WITTICISMS.

Theodore Hook being challenged to pun upon the name of Rosenagen, introduced the following stanza into one of his improvisations—

"Yet more of my muse is required,
Alas! I fear she is done;
But no! like a fiddler that's tired,
I'll *Rosen-agen* and go on."

The epigram on "Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son" is another illustration—

"Vile Stanhope! demons blush to tell,
In twice two hundred pieces
Has shown his son the road to hell
Recorded by the Graces.

But little did th' ungenerous lad
Concern himself about them;
For base, degenerate, meanly bad,
He sneaked to hell without them."

James Smith, one of the authors of "Rejected Addresses," wrote this epigram on Craven Street Strand:

"In Craven Street Strand, ten attorneys find place,
And ten dark coal barges are moor'd at its base;
Fly, honesty, fly to some safer retreat,
There's *craft* in the river, and *craft* in the street."

Sir George Ross made the following reply:—

"Why should honesty seek any safer retreat
From the lawyers or barges, odd rot 'em?
For the lawyers are *just* at the top of the street,
And the barges are *just* at the bottom."

The Irish Chief Baron Bushe made this impromptu verse upon two agitators who had refused challenges to fight a duel, the one on account of his affection for his wife, the other on account of his love for his daughter.

"Two heroes of Erin, abhorrent of slaughter,
Improved on the Hebrew command,
One honored his wife, and the other his daughter,
That his days might be long in the land."

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

It is unwise to hope for domestic happiness in possession of a single trait of character; it is better to look for a combination, and they are to be most congratulated who can discern and woo and win the possessor of the largest number of good points. First of all the man whom you love, the woman whom you adore, should possess a high sense of right and wrong; next bodily health, and thirdly, moral bravery, a courage to be industrious, economical and self-denying. With these three traits, principle, health, and a soul that can do and dare all that one ought to, domestic felicity will abide. None ought to marry who cannot command the means of enabling them to live in comfort according to their station in life, without grinding economies.

It is useless to talk about love in a cottage. The little rascal always runs away when there is no bread and butter on the table. There is more love in a full flour-barrel than in all the roses and posies and woodbines that ever grew. No mechanic should marry until he is master of his trade; nor professional man, until his income is adequate to the style of life which he determines upon; nor the merchant, until his clear and annual gains are equal to his domestic expenditures, unless indeed there are, in either case, independent and unconditional sources of income. No man has a right to marry who has to work like a horse from morning till night to supply family necessaries, whether it be by brain or body; for if the body is thus made a drudge of, it perpetuates impaired power to the race; while if the brain is overwrought, its effects will be seen in children of feeble intellect, if indeed they are not demented. To calculate therefore on a reasonable share of domestic enjoyment, the parties most interested should aim to find in each other as great an amount as may be of high moral principle, of bodily health, and either the actual possession of a suitable maintenance, or an individual ability to secure it without peradventure.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

HOW THE SWISS LIVE.

As much as by anything I am surprised at the places deemed habitable and actually inhabited. On the sides of mountains, on the edges of precipices, upon steeps which the children of the plains would hesitate to climb as a feat of daring, are seen, not single cottages alone, but groups of them, and large neighborhoods. Indeed, half the people of Switzerland seem to love to live on *shelves*, and I suppose they can crawl along perpendicular places by some such provision as flies have; otherwise it is difficult to see how they ascend and descend. And how children are brought up, I can't imagine. I should expect four out of five, the moment they stepped out of the door, to fall down into some lake or gorge. Yet the population continues to increase and maintain its numbers. They are children of the air. They are forever surrounded by mountains, than which nothing is more beautiful, and nothing more sublime, except the clouds that solemnly sweep their tops, and hold mysterious communion with them.—*H. W. Beecher.*

A NEW AND DELIGHTFUL METHOD OF BRUSHING THE HAIR BY MACHINERY.

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S SHOE.

A correspondent of a provincial journal gives the following account of Marie Antoinette's shoe, now preserved in the Museum of Sovereigns at the Louvre. On the 16th October, 1793, when Sanson descended from the scaffold after executing the unfortunate Queen, he saw one of the soldiers on duty endeavoring to arrest two boys who had concealed themselves under the guillotine during the execution. One of them had dipped a handkerchief in the royal blood, and the other held a shoe which had fallen from the platform. The boy with the handkerchief was taken, and was only saved from the guillotine by his tender age. The other boy got off with the shoe, which he and his son kept as a relic till 1860, when the latter carried it in a velvet bag to Count Horace de Viel Castel, conservator of the Museum of Sovereigns, by whom, of course, it was gladly accepted. The shoe is small, considering that she was a tall woman.—*Galignani.*

BENEFITS OF SAVING.

There is a pleasure in saving, in husbanding small means. And the pleasure is lasting. Great speculations will rack the mind, whether they are successful or not. Sudden wealth produces a shock, which gradual accumulation never feels. A small, frugal family, neat, and yet having sufficient, with fifty dollars a year laid away, is so much consolation—a constant consolation, and a moderate one—and it is moderation that saves the world from recklessness and ruin. These quiet virtues are a well-spring of pleasure. The rich man, when asked how he got rich, said, by saving. We all get—get enough, and a little to spare. It is this "little to spare" that we should save—not exactly to get rich, but at least against a rainy day. If it is not laying up treasure in Heaven, it is at least a treasure that has some consolation, and no harm in it, which great wealth seldom has.

JAPAN LILY FOR THE HOUSE.—As to the Japan lilies particularly, I do most strongly advise all whom it may concern, no longer to delay getting in these plants. My favorite mode is to have about five roots in one large pot, giving thorough drainage; first an oyster shell, or better, a zinc cap, (to exclude the worms,) then a layer two inches deep of pounded charcoal, a handful of moss, the pot filled up with good soil—leaf-mold and sand—the bulbs planted almost on the top, and a good thick layer of cocoa-nut refuse covering them well over, and packed in among them. The little surface roots perfectly fill the fibry stuff which covers up the bulbs; and my plants thus treated have been very beautiful. They may stand anywhere clear of frost till they begin to come up, then a window is suitable till the end of May, keeping them nice and moist, and after the flower stems rise, a pan of water to stand in, or a box of damp sand, is the proper treatment.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

☞ The dentists of Germany, in solemn conclave assembled, have come to the conclusion that sugar and tobacco are not injurious to the teeth.

☞ An Irishman complained to his physician that he stuffed him so much with drugs, that he was sick a long time after he got well.

☞ Many who repent of public life and retire to obscurity, repent of their repentance, and long to retire from their retirement.

CAMPBELL'S "HOHENLINDEN."

Every Englishman remembers Campbell's noble poem of "Hohenlinden;" but few perhaps had considered, until Sir Edward Cust led the way, how entirely that poem misrepresents all the circumstances of the battle which it has made so famous. It is about as near the fact as is David's celebrated picture of Bonaparte crossing the Alps on a prancing charger to the reality of the passage of the St. Bernard. The essence of the poetical Hohenlinden is a night attack; but the true battle of Hohenlinden began at eight or nine o'clock in the morning. It is very likely that the river Iser flows swift and dark in winter, but it flows many miles from Hohenlinden; it does, indeed, wash the walls of Munich, and banners may have been waved upon those walls; nor would their waving have had less influence upon the battle because invisible, through distance, from the scene. The only feature common to the real and the imaginary spectacle was the snow, which fell heavily during, although it did not cover the ground before the battle. Perhaps the poet never heard that slush and mud were the allies of France at Hohenlinden, and that Moreau won the battle by judging accurately how long his assailant would stick and struggle in the forest-paths, where it was no more possible to rush to glory than it is to gallop over an Alpine ridge.

☞ The largest room in the world is the "room for our improvement."

Agricultural.

CHICKORY FOR COFFEE.

This plant grows wild almost everywhere, and has for many years been an article of commerce, being largely used, especially in Europe, in the making of coffee. We believe the seed can be had at our agricultural stores. Just now, when coffee is enormously dear, debarring many families from using it exclusively, it is an object of some importance to raise a crop of chickory, and to know how to prepare it when raised.—The following hints on the latter proposition are furnished by the Ohio Farmer, and are no doubt correct:

"When the roots become of a fair size, any time during the season, they may be taken out as needed for use; but the bulk of the crop should be allowed to attain to full maturity, when the roots should be lifted during fair weather, dried upon the ground until the dirt will fall off. When desired to be worked up for coffee, the roots, being clean of dirt, either by brushing or washing them, are sliced in quarters from end to end, and then cut across in pieces about an inch in length. In this shape they are to be dried, much the same as apples are dried, each piece of chickory being about the size of an apple quarter. They may be strung upon strings, and hung up to dry in the sun or by the kitchen fire, the same as farmers dry apples; or they may be exposed to the sun on racks or wickers to be taken in at nights. Or, though not so good a way except in case of necessity, they may be cured in ovens or dry kilns, as apples are sometimes cured.

"When this first process of curing is accomplished, and the root is wanted for final use, it is carefully roasted, the same as coffee, till it will break up in a mortar or grind in a mill, after which pounding or grinding, it is steeped or drawn in the usual way, and poured out for a table beverage.

"In this way all the work is done in the family, and the cost of the roots ready for the coffee pot is not more than three or four cents a pound, while you have a healthier beverage than if you went to the expense of purchasing imported coffee, with the additional satisfaction of feeling that you are partaking of the fruits of your own home labor."

WASTE OF WOOL IN CLEANSING.—The proportion of clean wool which unwashed fleeces contain, is a point on which the public generally have but little knowledge, although it is obviously one of importance. The manufacturer endeavors to take it into account when purchasing wool, and probably instructs his agents to be careful in estimating the waste, both in washed and unwashed fleeces. Mr. E. R. Andrews, of West Roxbury, has given us some interesting facts respecting the shrinkage of Cotswold wool. He lately took two unwashed fleeces produced by his own sheep, soaked them in warm soft soap-suds, washed them carefully, and rinsed them in clean, soft water, frequently changing the waters in the operation. The wool was then exposed to the sun for several days, when it was perfectly dry, clean and white. The fleeces weighed 21 lbs. before they were cleansed, and 15 lbs. afterwards, showing the waste to be only 6 pounds.

EXPERIMENT IN SUGAR-MAKING.—The Prairie Farmer gives an account of a successful experiment by Prof. Mot at Kankakee, with the waste of the sorghum. His theory is that the common cane mills, both here and at the South, leave a very large portion of the best sugar material in the bagasse, and that they cannot be made by any amount of pressure to get it out. And the process of "maceration by water" practiced in France by the best-sugar manufacturers may be applied to the cane. In his experiment at Kankakee, 2,000 lbs. of frozen cane were taken and put through a common roller mill, giving three gallons of syrup, at 40 degrees *Beaume*. The bagasse (pumice, or waste,) was then taken by Mr. Mot and submitted to his system of maceration, using but one water, and yielded four and a half gallons of syrup at 45 degrees *Beaume*, the latter syrup being superior in taste and color to that expressed by the sorgho crusher.

OVER-REACHING.—To prevent horses over-reaching in travelling, a writer in the Rural New Yorker says, let the blacksmith make the "heel corks of the fore shoes high and the toe corks low; and the toe corks of the hind shoes high and the heel corks low." An infallible remedy.

Useful Receipts.

DOUGH-NUTS.—Everybody and his wife, and particularly his little folks, love the good old-fashioned "dough-nuts," or "nut-cakes," or whatever name you choose to call them. But many persons are troubled with "weak digestion," (dyspepsia,) and the large amount of grease absorbed by the said dough-nuts does not always "set well," but produces a "rising in the stomach." When this is the case try the following invention: The dough-nuts being prepared, as usual, just before immersing them into hot fat, plump them into a well-beaten egg. This will give them a thin coating of albumen, which will keep out the grease effectually. Furthermore, this coating retains the moisture, and keeps them in good condition much longer.

HOW TO CURE A SMOKY CHIMNEY.—"I have just succeeded," says Mr. C. Butler Clough, in the Mining Journal, "in curing an obstinate smoky chimney, by the aid of zinc covering outside a common earthenware chimney pot, having two openings in the zinc, one east and the other west. There are also two partitions or stoppers, north and south, to prevent the draught from escaping by the opposite opening. By the aid of this contrivance an upward current of air is carried outside the flue to its top, on the windward side of the chimney. I have now had the plan in use for some time, and in the face of several most violent storms not a particle of smoke or soot has come down the flue. In other rooms the soot was blown on the floor to a large extent."

POTATO CRUST.—Parboil and mash twelve potatoes; add one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of butter, and half a cup of milk or cream. Stiffen with flour until you roll out.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S CHOWDER.—4 tablespoonfuls of onions, fried with pork; 1 quart of boiled potatoes, well mashed; 1½ pounds sea biscuit, broken; 1 teaspoonful of thyme, mixed with one of summer savory; ½ bottle of mushroom catsup; 1 bottle of port or claret; ½ nutmeg, grated; a few cloves, mace and allspice; 6 pounds fish, sea bass or cod, cut in slices; 25 oysters, a little black pepper, and a few slices of lemon. The whole put in a pot and covered with an inch of water, boiled for an hour, and gently stirred.

SODA CRACKERS.—Take one cupful of shortening, two tea-spoonfuls of cream-tartar, and rub them in ten cupfuls of flour. Afterward add one cupful of sweet milk, one of water, one teaspoonful of soda, and a little salt. Knead until the dough is smooth. Roll thin, cut in squares, and bake quick.

The Riddler.

MILITARY ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.

My 49, 44, 25, 26, 46, 50, 54, is a sally-port.
My 47, 53, 14, 5, 33, 23, is a rifle sight.
My 38, 39, 49, 15, 56, 20, 35, 10, 9, is the parade ground of a fortification.
My 40, 55, 6, 21, 15, 16, 20, is the advance post of a fortification.
My 26, 16, 52, 47, is a badge of distinction.
My 52, 42, 18, 51, 8, are more dangerous in a camp than disease.
My 23, 44, 27, 13, 35, 8, 21, is a kind of mine.
My 8, 37, 41, 29, 49, 28, 19, 4, 48, is a species of military telegraph or signal.
My 55, 32, 5, is part of a musket stock.
My 38, 46, 16, 10, 22, 35, is a stick for measuring distances for firing.
My 23, 57, 49, 23, 36, is a collection of munitions of war.
My 46, 26, 54, 39, 18, 15, 18, 31, is a low field-work with two faces.
My 43, 50, 35, 29, 59, 48, 33, are palisades placed at the edge of a ditch.
My 21, 17, 11, 16, 30, 35, 12, 31, 41, is necessary in order to surprise a vigilant enemy.
My 49, 39, 42, 10, 16, 56, is a time that soldiers look forward to with pleasure.
My 20, 7, 24, 45, 9, is an ingredient of gunpowder.
My 2, 27, 45, 32, 15, 3, 21, are useful in marching over marshy ground.
My 24, 18, 37, 59, is a kind of shot.
My 3, 49, 40, 19, 14, 6, 5, 30, 34, 37, is the best method of testing the projectile force of gunpowder.
My 34, 39, 28, 13, is part of a gun-barrel.
My 1, 11, 22, 14, 33, 10, 12, 15, 44, 27, 60, are trap-holes or pit-falls.
My 33, 55, 36, 41, is part of a ramrod.
My 6, 9, 32, 12, 1, 17, 57, 21, are sentinels.
My 49, 29, 51, 4, 50, 7, 57, 50, is a small cannon or mortar.

My whole is a military publication which every officer and soldier should be conversant with.

West Point, New York. CADET.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When stilly eve begins her reign,
And gentle Luna lights the glade,
From where I hovered all day long,
I come, and kiss each tiny blade.
Philosophers and sages grey,
Wrote volumes to explain my cause;
I let them doubt and disbelieve,
But never on my mission pause.
Three letters gave they to my name,
Short as the visits that I made.
Transpose, and I'm a lawful rite,
For which the clergyman is paid.
Behead, and you still learn thereby,
A part of speech for you and I.

VICTORIA SPENCER.

Prompton, Wayne Co., Pa.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to find the least whole number which, being divided by 17, will leave a remainder of 7, and when divided by 36 will leave a remainder of one-half of 36?

MORGAN STEVENS.

Round Grove, Scott Co., Iowa.

☞ An answer is requested.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Twenty equal spheres, (and no more,) each 6 inches in diameter, can at the same time touch a central one. Required—the diameter of the central sphere? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

QUERY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When a young forester was returning from the wood, he saw, high in air, an eagle sailing slowly; the brilliancy of the sky caused him to discontinue looking for a moment; he looked again, and saw *a cat sitting on its tail!* Who can tell how it got there? E. A. C.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What do we often drop, but never stoop to pick up? Ans.—A hint.

☞ Why is wit like a Chinese lady's foot? Ans.—Because brevity is the *sole* of it.

☞ Why is a blacksmith like a safe steed? Ans.—Because one is a horse-shoer and the other is a *sure horse.*

☞ Why are auctioneers ugly men? Ans.—Because they are always *for bidding.*

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

ENIGMA.—THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
RIDDLE.—Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career.

Answer to PROBLEM by Gill Bates, published October 24th.—10.214 inches, inside measurement.—A. Martin and Reuben Barto.

Answers to the NICKEL PROBLEM, published October 24th.—The area of each lot will be 1.5302 16918-31125 acres. The number of nickels that will inclose the square lot is found to be 15302 16918-31125, and the number of the same inclosing the circle lot is somewhat better than 13473 nickels. And the circle lot stands at the value of somewhat more than $88,03¼ cts. per acre.—Morgan Stevens, E. Hegarty, Reuben Barto, and D. Diefenbach.